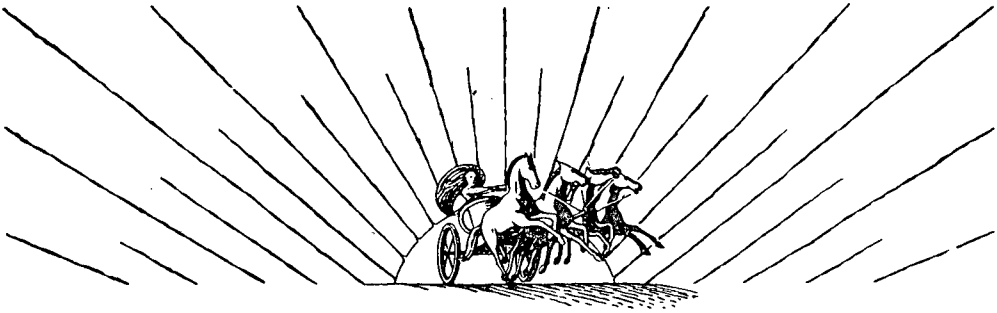


THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL : PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

Contents for August 14, 1926

A WEEK OF THE WORLD 341

CHURCH AND STATE IN MEXICO. I . . . . *Arnaldo Cipolla* 347
An Italian Version of a Complex Situation

A GLASS OF ALE. A Poem . . . . . *R. W. Povey* 351

INFLATION AND EXTRAVAGANCE . *Jules Uhry and Henri Bellamy* 352
Some Holes in France's Purse

EUROPEAN INTROSPECTIONS . . . . *Pierre Descaves and Jean-Richard Bloch* 355
Searchings into the Deeper Causes of Unrest

TRUTH AND FICTION . . . . . *Lord Balfour and Rudyard Kipling* 361
A Royal Society Ceremony

NEW LAFCADIO HEARN LETTERS . . . . *Sanki Ichikawa* 366
More Light on an Exotic Genius

SPORT FOR SPORT'S SAKE . . . . . *A British Symposium* 373
Apropos of Recent International Competitions

IS LIFE IMMORTAL? . . . . . *Étienne Fournol* 377
Deathless Amœbas and Mortal Men

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS 380

BOOKS ABROAD 384

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF 386

15¢ A COPY — *The Living Age Company, Boston* — $5 A YEAR

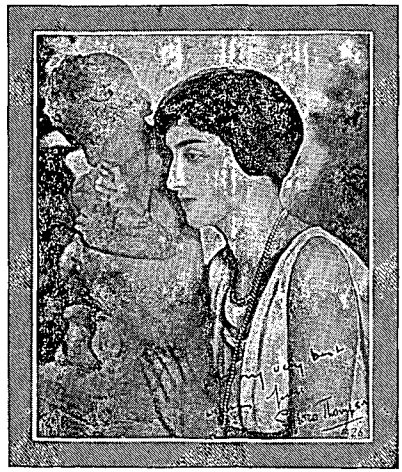
PRODUCED BY CONTORS
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sylvia Thompson's

THE HOUNDS OF SPRING

now in its 53rd thousand

THIS splendid novel, by a hitherto unknown young English girl, enjoys a steadily increasing success. One of the largest wholesalers of books in the United States, having compiled from actual sales records a list of the seventy-five best selling books over the period from January 4 to June 7, found "The Hounds of Spring" to be the best seller of all 1926 novels, although it was not published until February 16. Miss Thompson's novel is third on the list, the first two volumes having been published in 1925. The book buying public and the most discriminating critical opinion in England and America unite in praising "The Hounds of Spring."



A new portrait of

SYLVIA THOMPSON

Word has been received in this country of the marriage of Theodore Dunham Luling and Sylvia Thompson, on July 15th at the Warnham Parish Church, near Horsham, Sussex, England. Mr. Luling is an American who studied at Oxford as did Miss Thompson.

AGNES REPPLIER *says: "It is by far the best written war book of its type (and the type is immensely popular) that I have yet read."*

THE LONDON SPECTATOR *says: "'The Hounds of Spring' is a best seller as well as a good book."*

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOKSHOP · **8 Arlington Street** · **Boston**

GENTLEMEN: Enclosed find $2.10 (10c for postage). Send THE HOUNDS OF SPRING to

Name.....

Address.....

L. A. 8-14-26

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STOP, LOOK, LISTEN!

THIS is the title of one of the most significant papers the *Atlantic* has ever published. It will appear in the September issue, out August 25.

Corporations

must henceforth take the public into their confidence. Shareholders can no longer be put off with vague and meager statements about the financial condition of the business in which their funds are invested.

William Z. Ripley

whose famous article

FROM MAIN STREET TO WALL STREET

in the January *Atlantic*, commanded attention on both streets and in the White House as well, contributes this even more striking and important paper to our next issue. Here is an article that *must not* be missed by any whose concern is with finance and investments.

Shareholders

If you own so much as a single share of stock, you will want to read the leading article in the September *Atlantic*. It will astonish you, give you valuable information, and provide ample food for thought.

STOP, LOOK, LISTEN! in the
SEPTEMBER ATLANTIC

Out August 25 *40c a copy*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GUIDE POST

ARNALDO CIPOLLA is one of the most widely traveled newspaper men in Europe or anywhere else. In describing the Mexican situation for one of the few Italian papers that enjoy even comparative liberty of speech, Signor Cipolla had to skate on thin ice, and has apparently succeeded in giving more facts than offense.

* * *

Most conservative Frenchmen would be happy to sign a death warrant for the MM. Uhry and Bellamy if they knew that their criticisms of the nation's finances, unpleasant enough even for domestic consumption, reached the ears of any of Uncle Shylock's greedy little nephews. The very titles *Ère Nouvelle* and *Progrès Civique* are repugnant to many old-timers on both sides of the water.

* * *

Remy de Gourmont was the first of the great French critics to take up Nietzsche, whose Polish blood, rather than his German language, appeals to the Latin taste. *La Revue Mondiale*, a sort of Parisian *Review of Reviews*, is naturally concerned about the future of Europe, and especially the Pan-European movement, to which M. Descaves believes Nietzsche unconsciously contributed. The bluestockings of the *Revue Bleue* are getting worked up about the cleavage between East and West. In both these movements Coudenhove-Kalergi, Spengler, and Keyserling, with Nietzsche in the background, have given Germany the lead, but France is now showing signs of interest too.

* * *

Balfour, Kipling, and the London *Times* are three of the greatest institutions of the British Empire, and in printing a complete account of the Royal Society dinner as well as the speech we feel that there is nothing of importance we can add here. The name of Lafcadio Hearn may not enjoy quite as much renown as that illustrious English trio, but it too needs no introduction to our readers.

* * *

Any American commentator is sorely tempted to ask the *New Statesman* contributor who complains of professionalism in sport if the recent athletic reverses of his country may not have colored his point of view just a trifle, and whether his desire for England to retire from international competition may not really be due to the fact that even the hundred-per-cent-British amateurs sometimes find sport in playing to win.

* * *

The *Figaro Hebdomadaire* is a weekly supplement to the famous French daily now under the fragrant ownership of M. Coty. Its contents are more like those of the prodigious Saturday editions of the *Boston Evening Transcript* than anything else in this country. M. Fournol applies to science that light touch which it so sorely lacks in most treatments even of the popular sort.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 330 — *AUGUST 14, 1926* — NO. 4284

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

Another Unratified IOU

ACCORDING to the London *Daily News*, Mr. Churchill, when asked if he were satisfied with the debt agreement he had just concluded with Caillaux, replied: 'M'yes.' And then after a pause: 'M' yes. It's always best to be satisfied.'

The terms of the settlement, which, according to the London *Spectator*, 'amount to an abandonment of fully half of Great Britain's claims against that country,' and which the *New Statesman* characterizes as making France 'a present of the original five hundred millions, and asking her only to pay two fifths of the interest for a limited period,' provide for an installment of six million pounds the present year, including two million pounds of French gold already on deposit in London, and increasing annuities rising to a maximum of fourteen million pounds annually between 1957 and 1988. There is no clause, such as M. Caillaux desired, to safeguard France if Germany defaults in the payment of Reparations, but it has been agreed informally that a modification of the French annuity shall be considered if these circumstances arise.

The *Saturday Review* condoles with its readers thus: 'It may be asked why Great Britain should make fresh sacrifices because France has, like Cardinal Wolsey, ventured far beyond her depth in a sea of glory. There is, of course, no justice in this demand that we should pay because France, in an insane desire to keep Germany in permanent subjection, has wasted millions upon arming allies all over Europe. But justice and expediency do not always coincide, and we believe the British Government has done the sensible thing in giving such substantial and speedy help to M. Caillaux. The financial panic in Belgium, due mainly to the last-minute failure, for reasons entirely unconnected with the Belgian situation, to obtain a promised foreign loan, gives us an idea of what will happen in France unless confidence can be restored in the franc. Sentiment apart, almost any sacrifice is worth while to save France or any other country from passing through a financial crisis like those from which Germany, Austria, and Hungary have, with outside assistance, at last recovered.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Discussing the Paris Government's impecuniosity, the *New Statesman* says that the very solidity of the fundamental business situation in France makes difficulties for the Government. 'The truth is that French prosperity is not a mirage — it is a solid fact; it is not based on artificial inflation, nor seems to have any of the characteristics of a temporary "boom." It may be injured by the artificial deflation which will be necessary for the stabilization of the franc, but it is not a mirage. French industrialists, owners and workmen alike, are very contented just now, whether their business be the making of steel or wine.' The Government's task, in a nutshell, is to make them discontented.

The London *Outlook* takes the same view. It says that outside of Paris the French are not really alive to the dangers of inflation, and that up to the present the damage to them has been slight and comparatively imperceptible: 'A mild inflationary boom has preserved an appearance of prosperity, so that, in spite of *la vie chère* and the sorrows of the *rentier*, there has not seemed much to worry about. Why abandon the pleasant intoxication of the first stages of depreciation for the grim ardors and endurances of a stabilization crisis? No doubt some day it will be necessary to take really serious action. No doubt it would be disagreeable to see the franc at 1000. Still, *Après nous le déluge* is a popular motto in France; let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die. In the face of such an attitude, what statesman in the world could do anything?'

Rowdy Lawmakers

THE soberer section of the British press resents the disorderly interruptions in which certain members of the Labor Party indulged in the House of Commons and the House of Lords while the Eight Hours' Bill was under consideration. The London *Outlook* protests: 'The tactics of the Labor Party go from bad to worse. Several of its members made a scene in the House of Lords when the Eight Hours' Bill was being passed — an act which drew the stinging rebuke from the patient Speaker that "before rights come duties, among which not the least is courtesy." There seems to be an organized plot to bring Parliament into contempt. Its more probable result will be to bring the Labor Party into contempt. Private members of the Labor Party assure me that they detest and distrust these Yahoo methods. I have no reason to doubt them; both as good Party men and good Parliamentarians they realize the harm that is being done. But the time has come when the more responsible men should represent seriously to their offending colleagues that they are not advancing their own cause by this noisy bubble and squeak. In the long run sense always defeats splutter.'

Equally critical comments appear in the *Spectator*, which observes: 'If Labor members possessed one tithe of the courage or brilliance of the Irishmen of yesterday, we might have some fun. But they add to a ponderous density of mind inferiority complex on such a scale that it is quite impossible verbally to hit back. If any criticism is made of their intelligence, wisdom, or sincerity they at once assume an attitude of outraged indignation. First they become "hurt" and take up the line that just because their opponents have had a so-called "superior" education that is no reason for taking advantage of it in debate and "hitting below the belt." Then they begin to bellow. So the wretched Unionists have to sit silent while their leaders

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are described as liars, murderers, and hypocrites, and dare not reply, for fear of turning the House into a bear garden.'

The *Saturday Review* laments that these disorders lower the prestige of Parliament in the eyes of the nation. 'First realizing their own inefficiency in debate, they [the Laborists] resort to a system of organized interruption, hurling such terms as "hypocrite," "liar," and "murderer" across the floor of the House. . . . Their second offense was the introduction of hooliganism into the House of Lords, where they are only permitted to be present as an act of courtesy, and where they have no more right to raise their voices than has any visitor in the galleries of the House of Commons. . . . In addition to these various tests which they have applied to the patience of the majority, they have recently inaugurated a campaign against the personal honor of ministers in the form of libelous insinuations which not one of them has had the courage to formulate into a direct accusation.'

The *New Statesman* comes to the defense of the interrupters, however, with the declaration that 'much solemn twaddle has been talked and written' about it, and adds that 'it is ridiculous to suggest that such interruptions and barracking stamp "the Socialists" as vulgar cads — especially when the suggestion is made by people who once beamed on Mr. Ronald M'Neill hurling a book at Mr. Churchill, and applauded polite Tories for turning the Chamber into a bear garden during the debates on the Parliament Bill. Equally ridiculous is it to moan over the "degradation of Parliament" in the eyes of the country. The country is in reality not a bit shocked by a "scene in the House." It does not even pretend to be shocked; it buys the evening paper with more zest than usual; it laughs or says "Well, I never!" or "Gor blimey!" according to taste; and it rather wishes it had been there to enjoy the fun.'

Mexico Hunting Trouble

MEXICO illustrates strikingly how, in politics as in many other things, the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. Her present policies cannot be understood without recalling her ancient fears and animosities, which have become a powerful political force with the resurgence of the Indian, who cherishes a century-old hatred of the Spaniard and all his works. That hatred was due originally to the expropriation and exploitation practised by the invader, in respect to which it was impossible for the untutored aborigines to distinguish between Church and State. The Carranza Constitution and the legislation based upon it, restricting the rights of alien property owners and of the Church, have this common origin.

Probably, therefore, the present campaign against alien clergy, religious teaching, alien investors, and foreign enterprise must run its course until this bitterness has in some degree abated. We suspect that the crisis of the Church has been exaggerated somewhat in the American press, and that an archbishop with a gift of Irish tact and uncompromised by ancient animosities might have handled the situation so as to have avoided the present dramatic break. But meanwhile the nation suffers. The educational opportunities of the people, meagre enough at best, are seriously curtailed; moral sanctions are weakened; and the economic bases of social and cultural progress and national power are undermined.

Young China has an anti-Christian movement and Communist propaganda;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Russia has tried to suppress both religion and private property; Mustapha Kemal and his partisans wish to 'purify' Islam, and look askance on foreign investors as potential usurpers. Mexico runs true to this revolutionary type. But she thus compromises her chance of attaining the very things for which she aspires — namely, security, independence, and diffused prosperity. The London *Statist* deals with the economic side of this question as follows: —

'Whether Mexico desires to develop her natural resources or leave them in a state of nature is a matter for her to decide. She admits that she has not the mobilizable resources herself which would admit of her developing the latent wealth inherent in her soil and deposited in her mines. Unfortunately for the policy pursued, certain foreigners, by far the most important of whom are citizens of the United States, have already invested very large sums for the purpose of working various mines, and particularly the petroleum deposits. Compared with Mexico, the United States is an extraordinarily powerful country, and nothing would be easier than for President Coolidge's Government to give the Government in Mexico a very severe lesson. For very nearly a generation now — long before the present Mexican Government came into power, or its members were known outside their own country — the attitude of Mexico has been exceedingly provocative. Owing to the Monroe Doctrine, Mexico is immune from interference from all but one foreign Power. It must be admitted that the State Department at Washington has shown singular forbearance toward the various provocations it has received; and it has done so with deliberate intent. It knows that a menacing attitude adopted by the State Department against Mexico would alarm the whole Spanish-speaking world — might, indeed, alarm a still wider world than the Spanish-speaking. Responsible organs of the United States press are deterred by the same consideration from saying what they otherwise would be disposed to say. England notoriously will not interfere in any case. We have, however, important interests in Mexico, and still more important interests in South America, taken as a whole. We need South America as a source of supply of food and raw materials to feed our people and to feed our industries. And it appears time that the South American world should learn what impression recent legislation is making upon those outside the Spanish-speaking world who are trying to develop, not as philanthropists, but as business men, the immense resources of what is comprised in Spanish America.'

Hungary Talks Back

ONE of the less widely heralded incidents of the recent proceedings of the Preparatory Commission on disarmament at Geneva was a memorandum submitted to that body by the Hungarian Government, and suppressed by the Commission, which aroused intense resentment in Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania. Its general thesis was that any reduction of armaments, to be just and effective, must observe the same proportional basis for all nations. That is, France must be put on the same footing as Germany, and Czechoslovakia as Hungary. The latter country, for example, now has 35,000 men under arms, as compared with 530,000 men, even on a peace footing, for the Little Entente, 105 guns for the latter's 3750, and 525 machine guns against its 6400. Moreover, Hungary has no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tanks, armored cars, or airplanes, as have her neighbors.

Therefore, the Hungarian Government argued, either the heavily armed States should be required to reduce their armaments to the Hungarian level, or countries like Hungary, whose forces are limited by the Treaty of Versailles, should be permitted to bring their war equipment up to the level of the other Powers. 'The restriction of armaments must be a general one. For, were disarmament to extend to but a limited number of countries, it could not lead to any real result. On the contrary, its effect would be to increase the offensive spirit, and this in two different ways. The offensive spirit of those countries which could go on arming themselves without restriction would discern in the helpless condition of the disarmed States an easy prey to their ever-unsated expansionist tendencies. As against this, those countries which were deprived of all effective armaments would deem themselves to be oppressed in the face of their armed neighbors, and there would arise in their hearts a feeling comparable to that which the slaves of old must have nurtured toward their armed guards. Such a state of things would inevitably end, sooner or later, in explosions. . . . Certain aspects of foreign policy may also exert considerable influence. For instance, countries which have concluded pacts guaranteeing their mutual security might be treated as groupings of Powers designed to act, in an emergency, in perfect agreement and as unified forces. On this account their armaments — by virtue of the enhanced security derived from such pacts — might be fixed at a lower figure than they would be if the countries belonged to no such groupings, and if, in addition, they were surrounded by hostile States bound together by an alliance. Both the peace treaties and the League of Nations find in the idea of disarmament that moral justification which is the condition of their very existence. Should the world become convinced that the idea of disarmament was a vain verbal prescription, that certain countries endowed with special power were seeking to delay its application under the most varied pretexts, or that they were unable, for some reason or other, to apply it, faith would indeed be shaken in the moral props which sustain at present, though indifferently, the League and the peace treaties; and, once that faith was shaken, then the whole flimsy structure created by the peace treaties signed in the neighborhood of Paris would crumble to dust.'

The Preparatory Conference for Disarmament at Geneva has dissolved into a group of expert subcommittees whose unexciting deliberations only occasionally attract general attention. France won a preliminary victory in securing the rejection of the plan adopted at Washington of reckoning naval tonnage by each class of ships separately, and substituting for that plan a single figure applying to the entire fleet. This enables France to concentrate on submarines, which is all right so far as America is concerned, as long as this weapon is technically suitable only for defense; but it tends to make France mistress of the Mediterranean, which is not exactly in accord with Great Britain's wishes.

Minor Notes

ACCORDING to *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, the boom in the artificial silk manufacture, an industry that has been a conspicuous exception to the depression in Europe, shows signs of 'deflation.' At least, purchasers have grown discriminating and only the best qualities

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of this material now find ready sale. Last year Italy, France, and in particular Holland, greatly increased their output, and the United States, which is the largest artificial silk producer in the world, added remarkably to its manufacturing facilities. As a result the total output reached 197 million pounds, which was forty per cent more than in the previous year, and double that of 1923. Of this quantity the United States produced approximately one fourth, Great Britain fifteen per cent, Italy fourteen per cent, and Germany sixteen per cent. While the United States, Great Britain, and probably France, consume at home all the artificial silk they produce, other producers are heavy exporters of this commodity. That is particularly true of Italy, where nearly one half of the product is shipped abroad.

A CONTRIBUTOR in the *Manchester Guardian* declares that the horse is coming back in Great Britain. There are more horses in service in the streets than there were three years ago, and harness makers find business brisker than they did. This return, to quote from the article in question, 'is due in no small measure to the growing congestion of traffic in our streets. It has origins, too, in the fact that in the smallest sphere of haulage, the lowest semitone, the horse is still an economic factor. It cannot be beaten, in the matter of cost of haulage, for short hauls where many stops have to be made.' Another influence, which, like narrow and crooked streets, may not be as important in England as in America, barring Boston, is the fact that loading and unloading arrangements at warehouses and factories are out of date. The time that the motor vehicle gains between two given points is therefore more than lost because of the waiting it has to do at one end or perhaps both ends of its trip.

Dame Britannia and her Empire, and the Soviet mouse

— *New Leader*, London

Italy's meagre portion at the banquet of nations

— *Travaso*, Rome

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHURCH AND STATE IN MEXICO. I[1]

BY ARNALDO CIPOLLA

I HAVE come directly from Chicago to Mexico, to a world infinitely remote from the inexorable and standardized civilization of the Yankees, to a land of contrast, of discouragement and exaltation, of romance and absurdity, of qualities impossible to describe, but indelibly Latin. I repeat, exuberantly Latin, even in its errors and its excesses.

Those who say that Mexico is a mere province of the United States maintain a palpable absurdity. This country is a powerful barrier which the Latin world has erected against Anglo-Saxon usurpation. That is apparent everywhere, above all here at the capital, where, from the great park of Chepultepec to the Plaza of the Constitution, the only suggestion of the Yankee is the endless procession of automobiles that fills the streets.

I expected to notice evidences of the great battle that is raging between the Government and the Church the moment I arrived; but except for the absence of clerical garb upon the streets I have found nothing to suggest an abnormal situation. I saw at once, however, that, notwithstanding her old, sixteenth-century churches, which are open and crowded with the faithful, although their bells are silent, Mexico is only nominally Catholic. Her thirty-five dioceses and her thirty thousand priests have made no more impression upon her physiognomy than have the missionaries upon some parts of China and Japan. There is no resemblance whatsoever between ostensibly Catholic Mexico and any country in Europe or America that is really Catholic. The Roman Church occupies here a place not much different from that which it might hold in a Confucian, Shinto, Brahman, or pagan country. For Mexico is obsessed by Aztec nationalism, by a desire to extirpate the religion of those who brought her both Christianity and European civilization, and to exalt the memory of the Montezuman emperors. This campaign has culminated in a feeling that the Roman Church is antinational. This is the reason why we need expect no Mexican, whether Indian or non-Indian, to become a martyr for his faith. It explains, furthermore, why the extraordinarily complex religious situation has not aroused the people, or excited them to offer violent resistance to the Government's measures.

My first call was upon the Archbishop, Monsignor Mora y del Rio, a venerable gentleman in the seventies. A few days before, he had received a rude — one might say insolent — letter from the President of the Republic, addressed simply to 'Señor Mora,' and directing him, as the head of the Mexican Church, to put an end to the protests — particularly abroad — against the clerical policy of the Government. President Calles added that a repetition of these incidents would be regarded as antipatriotic, and closed by calling the Archbishop's attention to what had happened to Bishop Zarrate, who has

[1] From *La Stampa* (Turin Independent daily), *July* 2, 6

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been jailed for inciting the people against the authorities.

The archepiscopal palace is near the flower market, in the older part of the city. That market occupies a plaza which illustrates one of the most attractive features of Mexico, where perpetual spring prevails and beautiful flowers are in bloom throughout the year. For a peso one can make his house a perfect bower of the rarest and most magnificent blossoms, although they are without perfume. Another interesting feature of the plaza is a great number of public letter-writers, called by the odd name of 'evangelists,' sitting under the arcade along one side. These gentlemen do not write with the pen, however, as do their fellows in other illiterate countries, but with typewriters. Around their desks cluster little groups of picturesque peones in cinema costumes — huge hats and white shirts, usually with the Mexican eagle and serpent embroidered on the bosom — and armed to the teeth. I wanted a photograph of one of these groups, but the 'evangelist' promptly stopped me. The laws in Mexico to-day forbid photographing local types and costumes that make the country look to foreigners as if it were theatrical and out of date.

The archepiscopal residence is a beautiful palace, with a patio faced with majolica tiles, like the fine old mansions of Seville. I ascended to the gallery, where I was met by an Indian cleric. He was the first person in sacerdotal garb that I had seen in Mexico, where the clergy are forbidden to wear in public any evidence of their profession. He proved to be the Archbishop's secretary, and immediately conducted me to Monsignor Mora y del Rio, who wore the robes and insignia of his office and received me in a plainly furnished study containing a picture of the Virgin of Guadalupe. The venerable ecclesiastic seemed even older than his years, and his dignified and delicately chiseled features betrayed at once his hidalgo descent. He spoke Italian and was evidently touched by the visit of a journalist who had come expressly from the motherland of the Church to visit her persecuted outposts in Mexico. Indeed, so deep was his feeling that after the first few words he choked with emotion, and with tears flowing freely down his cheeks he merely clasped my hands and murmured: 'O Roma! Roma!'

I asked the Archbishop to tell me briefly what the situation of the Church was in respect to the Government, but he excused himself by saying that his position did not permit him to discuss that question just at present. All he could tell me was that, in spite of the letter from the President, the condition of the Mexican clergy was tolerable. In several states a *modus vivendi* has been arranged between the Governor and the priesthood which promises to make it possible for public worship to continue. As for the foreign priests, those who scrupulously obey the Constitution, which forbids them to teach in primary schools or to teach religion in secondary schools, are able to remain in the country. This is what happened in case of the Italian Salesian Brothers, who, thanks to the intervention of our Minister, have been able to continue their ordinary educational work in Mexico.

Discovering that the Archbishop was not likely to give me much information, I next called upon Monsignor Crespi, the Italian secretary of the deserted Apostolic Delegation to Mexico. That gentleman has been in the country five years, and still resides in the villa that had sheltered during that period some three representatives of the Vatican, all of whom had been expelled from the country. The secre-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tary owes his privilege of remaining largely to his attractive personality and the friendships he has formed in Mexican political circles. He is officially tolerated as the representative of the Spanish Red Cross, whose emblem he wears on the buttonhole of his plain black business suit. He also wears a turned-down collar, a flowing tie, and a soft broad-brimmed hat, which make him look like an artist from the Latin Quarter instead of a priest.

Monsignor Crespi likewise kept vigilant guard over his tongue. The only thing he told me was that the Constitution adopted under Carranza had gradually restricted the privileges of all foreign clergymen and of the Roman Church in Mexico. He laid stress on the fact that the expulsion of Monsignor Carñana, who was a United States citizen, was designed to impress on the Holy See the fact that the powerful American Union has practically no influence in Mexico — whose rulers make a point of showing her big neighbor that she intends to manage her own affairs.

The Government justifies its policy toward the Church by the clergy's alleged meddling in politics. That charge was undoubtedly true during the first years of independence, when the Catholic religion was the only one recognized by the authorities. In a general way, the Church lost its power about the time of Maximilian. Hidalgo and Moreno, the leaders of the original revolt against Spain one hundred years ago, were both priests. Iturbide's empire was emphatically Catholic, since Iturbide himself was deeply attached to the Church. Maximilian, however, was a man of liberal antecedents, who never got on well with the Holy See; and Juárez, who defeated Maximilian and finally established a republican form of government, rigidly excluded the clergy from all political activity, reduced them to poverty, and initiated the anticlerical policy that has continued, with occasional interruptions, ever since.

Consequently, it is absurd to-day to accuse the priests of mixing up in politics. Most of them are Indians who hate the Spanish and Caucasian upper classes and are disliked in turn by them. In other words, the native clergy are intensely hostile to the Conservatives, who have been deprived of many of their former privileges under the present Socialist régime. Obregón and Calles have confiscated two thirds of the large estates and distributed the land among the peasants. The bishops, who have been sadly harried by the authorities, have no time to interest themselves in politics. They have been fully employed trying to reëstablish their schools, which were mostly suspended during the revolution, to fill up the ranks of the depleted priesthood, to visit districts where religious services have ceased, and to raise money to support their impoverished Church. I did hear of one case where a bishop is alleged to have given money to Huerta; but that was a solitary instance, by no means clearly established, and in view of the poverty of the Church it could hardly have been important.

No official document of the Church authorizes the accusation that the clergy are engaged in politics — that is, unless the Social-Nationalist Freemasons now in power mean by politics the opposition which some of the parish priests have made to the new divorce laws, which certainly facilitate most remarkably the legal separation of husband and wife.

We should bear in mind that the Mexican Constitution deprives the clergy of all political rights. No priest can vote or can be elected to office. The Government of President Calles,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who holds the highest Masonic rank in the world, may not be popular with the Mexican clergy, but they have been careful not to oppose it. In fact many church members support the President, because they think he can maintain order, and several members of the Knights of Columbus are among his personal followers.

Catholicism nominally exerts a powerful influence over the twelve million Indians of Mexico. But this influence is more formal than substantial. The attitude of the Indians toward the Roman Church resembles that of the Russian muzhik toward the Orthodox Church. In fact the religious situation in Mexico is very much like that in Soviet Russia — in the same way that the social and economic policies of the two countries present numerous parallels. Mexico is in some respects the Russia of America. She represents the East with its ancient usages and customs. I am impressed here by the profound physical unrest of a society in rapid transformation, where the former governing classes have been defeated and stripped of their power, and new classes, filled with enthusiastic admiration for the native Indian element and dazzled by ambitious projects of moral reform, are taking their place. The old prosperity, which was based upon the wealth of the few, extracted from the labor of a semi-enslaved Indian proletariat, has been succeeded by an era of universal poverty and decreased production resulting from the subdivision of so many of the former great estates into small Indian holdings unfavorable for economical cultivation.

Spiritually, moreover, Mexico is a country where at least four fifths of the people still await conversion. The Indian masses are amorphous, and Christianity has hardly penetrated their ancestral paganism. After a short period of missionary fervor the evangelical labor of the early Spaniards stopped. The Vatican has erred in treating the country as a Catholic nation and dividing it into thirty-five dioceses. Four or five bishops in the principal cities would have sufficed; and it would have been far better to place the rest of the Republic for many years to come under the Office for the Propagation of the Faith. Mexican bishops tell me that they have not yet succeeded in introducing the confessional into their dioceses, and that districts exist where the people still live as primitively as in Central Africa and speak languages that no priest or missionary knows. The truth is that the Indians are indifferent to both Christianity and politics. They revolt only when a leader stirs them up and provides them with arms and ammunition. Then the head of the family becomes a soldier, and his wife a camp follower. I should add, however, that in some places the Indians have resisted effectively the enforcement of the Constitution, and have kept their churches open even though they have no priests.

Meanwhile the non-Indian population is equally indifferent to spiritual things. Religion is a superficial rather than a vital emotion, a practice rather than a conviction or a sentiment. The people who go to church are the same people that throng to the brothels and places of low entertainment which the Government is trying to suppress in order to improve the morals of the nation. Religious services are well attended as long as they are attractive and entertaining; but if the music is omitted the worshipers vanish. Educational work has never played an important part in church activities. Probably half of the people of Mexico are ignorant of the simplest of the ritual prayers, and a third do not know how to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

make the sign of the cross. Among the masses a church marriage is practically unknown.

It would be unfair to say that there are no evidences whatsoever of a religious revival among Mexican Catholics, but they are faint and far between. Religion suffers here from the same spirit of undiscipline that makes the country almost impossible to govern. Bitter personal antagonisms abound among the higher clergy, and the Catholics of different cities are often intensely hostile to each other. Whatever real religious sentiment exists is found in the female element of the congregations, who justify Obregón's saying that Mexico has no conscientious men but has some conscientious women.

A GLASS OF ALE

BY R. W. POVEY

[*New Statesman*]

SHELTERLESS roadway, hot and dry,
Hedges powdered a dusty white,
Quivering ground, and staring sky,
Sunlight beating with maddened might.
Dust-clogged throat, and an aching back,
One heel sore, a sun-baked brain,
Gritted eyes, and a weighting pack.
An inn ahead, but a mile to gain.
At last! . . . The swing of a well-worn door,
Rest for the eyes in a cooling gloom,
Rest for the feet on a sawdust floor,
An odor of beer about the room.
Then, a glass of ale, cold, amber, lank,
Light foam waiting the hot lips' kiss . . .
Surely, the nectar old Jove drank
Could not compare with — this.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INFLATION AND EXTRAVAGANCE

BY JULES UHRY AND HENRI BELLAMY

[THE summarized selections from the French press that follow are gleanings from a considerable literature describing the extravagance that has attended France's present era of inflation. Jules Uhry, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, wrote the account of the expenditures in the occupied territories, which are now a direct charge on the French Treasury. His article appeared in *L'Ère Nouvelle*, a pro-Herriot daily, on June 30. The story of the prodigal building programme of the Bank of France is by Henri Bellamy, a well-known French publicist, and was printed in the June 26 and July 3 issues of *Le Progrès Civique*.]

I. WASTE ON THE RHINE

WITHIN the past two years our forces on the Rhine have been sensibly reduced, first by the evacuation of the Ruhr and later under the Locarno Agreement. We have now sixty-two thousand men there, instead of nearly one hundred and forty-eight thousand as in 1924. Notwithstanding this radical reduction, however, the General Staff there keeps up the same scale of expenditure as before, and retains approximately the same number of officers as formerly on its rolls.

Our troops and their officers on the Rhine are generously — indeed luxuriously — maintained. At Wiesbaden we pay nearly fifty thousand gold marks rent for quarters for our commissaries and coöperatives. At Bonn the Officers' Club occupies a building for which it pays an annual rental of twenty-one thousand marks in gold. At Wiesbaden, again, the Women Employees' Club is housed at government cost for precisely the same sum.

An officer stationed in the occupied territories is supplied not only with quarters but also with furniture, carpets, curtains, household linen, table linen, cooking utensils, glass and china, electric lights, and everything needed for his domestic establishment down to the very brooms and scrubbing brushes. Our fiscal agent at Berlin pays the bills out of our Government's receipts from Germany under the Dawes Plan. Monseigneur Rémond, head chaplain of our troops on the Rhine, resides at 18 Kaiserstrasse in Mainz in a fifteen-room apartment which costs us four thousand francs rental a month. Automobiles are allotted to the service with extravagant liberality, and are used by the officers for pleasure driving at the purely nominal rate of ten francs a day.

I shall not take up at present the expenses of the High Commissioner at Koblenz. That is a subject that deserves a separate article. But I pause to point out here that it is hardly proper for this gentleman to continue to enjoy his high salary and munificent allowances after he has become general manager of the Southern Railway Company. We have functionaries there who occupy mansions that cost the Government from three hundred thousand to six hundred thousand francs annually in rent, and who live in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

luxury while we people at home are 'tightening our belts.'

II. A PROSPEROUS BANK

CRITICIZE the Bank of France, that ancient and noble lady! I shall surely be called an impudent iconoclast at least, if not an anarchist, or, worst of all, a *défaitiste*.

But let us get down to facts. Under the contract between the Bank and the Government, when dividends to shareholders exceed two hundred and forty francs, any excess above that sum shall be divided equally between the Bank and the National Treasury. Consequently, if that venerable institution prefers to squander its revenues instead of giving them to the State, it is the money of the taxpayers that it spends. But has the Bank squandered its money? Let's see.

O sunny Arles, thou art a happy town, with many venerable monuments of antiquity, but no suitable temple of Mammon. So the Bank of France has provided one. Fifteen millions of francs have been expended upon its branch building there — to shelter a scant dozen employees. At Mülhausen several stores, a restaurant, and a large hotel were demolished to make room for a palace for this institution. At Vitré a magnificent structure has been built within the past two years at a cost of two million francs, to do business that was previously transacted in a little ground-floor office twelve feet square! At Rennes and at Brest several millions have also been spent on new structures, and likewise at Rochelle. At Périgueux, where the work of enlarging the branch began in 1924, the structure is not yet completed. The first estimate provided for an outlay of three millions, but we are told that fine cut stone from a distance has been substituted for the original material, and that this estimate will be largely exceeded. Apparently the Governor of the Bank is fond of cut stone. It is solid, enduring, impressive, imposing. At Orlon, for example, a town of nine thousand people with five other banking institutions, four million francs are being expended upon the Bank's financial palace, built of magnificent stone from the Arudy quarries. 'For two hundred thousand francs,' says our correspondent, 'a suitable and adequate building might have been erected.'

At Châtellerault the Bank of France had in 1920 a modest branch which it purchased for one hundred thousand francs and rebuilt at an estimated cost of more than a million. At Tulle some fifty artisans have been employed for more than two years on another building for the same institution, to cost two millions or more. At Brive between two and three millions have been expended in the same manner. A correspondent writes from Villefranche: 'The Bank of France here has spent in the neighborhood of two millions remodeling its offices quite needlessly.' The same sum is estimated to have been spent at Arcachon, where the Bank's property has two hundred metres of street frontage, including a beautiful park. The vestibule alone cost in the neighborhood of two hundred thousand francs.

But I must pause in this enumeration before it becomes tedious. I could add indefinitely to the list. The Bank has dealt with the Government as if the latter were an enemy instead of a partner — an enemy easy to cheat. And this is the more reprehensible when we consider that the extraordinary profits which the Bank has earned come from the State. Our hard-pressed Treasury has been forced to borrow heavily from that institution. The latter has issued paper money to make these loans. It has operated with its

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

own paper currency, and its profits have been commensurate with the issues. We can quite well understand how a prudent investor, seeing the value of money constantly falling, might attempt to protect his capital by investing it in land and buildings. He is not responsible for what is occurring; he does not benefit by it. But the Bank was in a different situation. It profiteered on inflation. But should it reap a rich harvest from its privilege of issuing paper money and at the same time sabotage that very money by converting it into stone and mortar?

Let me cite one or two more examples of this policy. At Strassburg there was, under the Germans, a Reichsbank, an establishment of considerable importance. We might suppose that the Bank of France would find its building sufficient for its purposes. Not at all. It has torn down the Reichsbank, together with a dozen neighboring structures, and begun rebuilding. Rumor has it that the new edifice will cost fifty millions. This figure may be exaggerated, but even so there is a second point in our letter of protest from that city: 'The buildings demolished were good, middle-class residences, and Strassburg is suffering acutely from a housing crisis.'

Let me add a description of the new quarters which the Bank has just erected at Abbeville, written by a local correspondent: 'Inside, it is a palace, luxurious beyond the imagination — artistic ironwork, desks and office furniture of massive oak, a manager's office paneled in solid mahogany with desks and chairs of the same material, brass radiators, electric cash carriers, marble counters, up-to-date steel vaults, private elevators, an underground passage connecting the Bank building with the janitor's residence, kitchens with gas heating for the manager's apartment and for the janitor, and the most sumptuous furnishings throughout. The building is surrounded by gardens, flower beds, and roomy outbuildings of all kinds. These improvements have cost at least five millions, and their wasteful and extravagant scale has been the common talk of the city. Situated right opposite the Post Office, the new structure is in striking contrast with the neglected offices of the Government, which are dilapidated, dark, and unsanitary for lack of funds to improve them.'

I shall quote but one other passage from a score or more of the same tenor. Flers is an agreeable little Norman town of thirteen thousand people. Here the Bank has spent some three millions enlarging its quarters. A correspondent writes from this place: 'These expenditures have been shameful and scandalous. The contractors, who are lining their own pockets, made no effort to economize costs. An apartment of eleven rooms has been provided for the cashier, to the great embarrassment of the poor fellow, who has not got money enough to furnish them. Naturally the manager's apartment is still more sumptuous. A chicken house which cost thirty thousand francs was taken down and entirely rebuilt because the architect discovered that it failed to follow in some petty detail his general plan.'

What do you think of the story of the chicken coop? There was also a famous coop in Morocco, where Marshal Lyautey had a little palace erected for his poultry. Lucky chickens of Flers!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EUROPEAN INTROSPECTIONS[1]

BY PIERRE DESCAVES AND JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH

I. NIETZSCHE, THE GOOD EUROPEAN

NEVER before has the question of Europe preoccupied our thoughts as it does to-day. Recent political accords are reviving the consciousness of continental solidarity we imagined destroyed forever by the war. It will repay us, therefore, to trace the genesis of this inspiring conception of European unity. We shall find that Friedrich Nietzsche was the first great thinker in Europe who fully appreciated its true significance.

Goethe wrote that the best way to attain universal tolerance was to rid ourselves of personal and national prejudices and preconceptions, and to realize that whatever of true value mankind possesses is the common property of the race. He added: 'Above all, we should impress upon children the merit of foreign nations. We shall find in all parts of the world men sincerely devoted to the progress of humanity.'

This advice of the old master is particularly important to-day. Anticipation is invariably a mark of genius. The general tolerance that attributes all true moral progress to mankind at large is the antithesis of the narrow nationalism that considers its own little community a chosen people. The war and the period since the war have encouraged the latter error. It is not peculiarly European. Indeed the people of Europe have shown that they possess in a very high degree the faculty of comprehending and assimilating the best in every culture. Nevertheless, European nations do not love each other. Love cannot be taught. Yet Europe's greatest philosophers, poets, and artists have invariably combated narrow national pride.

Nietzsche is a brilliant example of this. He thus satirizes national arrogance: 'People who happen to speak the same language and to read the same newspapers now call themselves a nation. They ransack musty records to contrive a common history and to trace a common origin, although even the grossest falsifications cannot make these claims plausible. We should inscribe on each of these national anthologies this statement: "I lift my vision above these national wars, these new governments, these details in the foreground. What interests me — and I see it outlining itself slowly and hesitatingly — is a Europe one and indivisible."' Nietzsche dwelt often and deeply upon this theme. He tried to give more definite substance to that conception in his *Future Europe*. Every noble and generous nature, every lofty and clairvoyant mind, has had the same vision. It is only in the hour of weakness, or when carried away by passing passion, that any great European has relapsed into narrow chauvinism and has become a 'patriot' in the belittling sense of the word.

[1] From *La Revue Mondiale* (Paris current-affairs semimonthly), *June* 15, and *La Revue Bleue* (Paris literary and political semimonthly), *June* 19

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What a monstrous instance of human error it was to attribute to Nietzsche's philosophy all the follies of the last war! Recall how we attributed the barbarism of the Huns and the worship of the war Moloch to the teaching of Nietzsche, to the prophet of the Superman! Superman was often in the popular mind a synonym for super-Boche. Yet it is a peculiarly cruel injustice to fasten this charge upon that great thinker and 'good European'; and it is time that we began to render justice to the sage of Sils-Maria.

To be sure, in the case of Nietzsche, as of other great geniuses, you can prove anything by quoting fragments of his writings apart from their context, or by studying superficially his evolution, his transformations, his gropings, his combats, his metamorphoses. But he who studies searchingly and sympathetically Nietzsche's mental development will find it consistent and logical throughout, the slowly maturing fruit of a life-experience grown riper with years and discarding the crudities and acridities of youth. Every great man has had his infantile errors. Nietzsche himself has described some of these divagations of his mind: —

'One should never speak except when it is not right for him to remain silent; and one should never speak concerning that which he has not mastered. Everything else is verbiage, literature, intemperance. My writings treat only of that which I have mastered. I am *ego ipsissimus* — absolutely identified with all that was my enemy, and even with my own personality, if I can speak thus. One can divine, therefore, that I have left a troubled past behind me. All of my writings should be antedated.'

He often recurs to this theme of his victory over himself. 'The serpent that does not change his skin will perish; and the mind that does not change its opinion ceases to be a mind. . . . Only he is in my own image who is constantly changing form.' The motto 'Die and live' is the keystone of the philosophy of the solitary sage of Sils-Maria.

Let us follow him through this pilgrim's progress, during which he so often wandered from the path and paid for it with bitter suffering. We know through his sister that he set out for military service filled with enthusiasm and high spirits, and that he was deeply disappointed when a commonplace accident prevented him from completing it. In 1870 he joined the forces as a volunteer stretcher-bearer, since the neutrality of Switzerland, where he was professor at Basel University, prevented his taking an active part in the fighting. After the war he wrote to his friend Geresdorf: —

'New duties call me. If we are to reap any fruit from this savage war game, it is the calm heroism that to my great and gratified surprise I discovered in our young, vigorous army, which is sound to its old Germanic heart. We can build on that. It justifies new hope. Our mission as Germans is not finished. There is still courage — a typical German courage, beautiful in quite a different way from the dash and daring of our unhappy neighbors.'

This glow of pride was soon dimmed, however, by the conceited nationalism, the parvenu braggadocio, that Germany's victory over France produced among his countrymen. 'Our after-war revel, our contempt of the French, our disheartening sensuality, disgust me.' We are almost tempted to ask which war the philosopher had in mind? These unhappy consequences of victory weighed most heavily upon his mind. In 1873 he was astonished and revolted by the unexpected decline in morals, culture, and art that followed the conflict. He had the courage to write: —

'The truth must out: a great victory

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is a great danger. Human nature supports it less easily than defeat. . . . Of all the unhappy results that have followed the last war with France, the most dreadful, perhaps, is the error of those who imagine that German culture likewise has won on the battlefield, and that we should crown with laurels those who decided these events. Such folly is utterly demoralizing; for it threatens to destroy German thought itself in order to glorify a German Empire.'

That prophecy, made fifty-six years ago, was tragically confirmed. Germany's tremendous industrial progress and her mad craze for military power robbed her intellectual and spiritual life of its former spontaneity and native vigor and enslaved it to the machine and the drill sergeant. Nietzsche groped frantically for light through the obscurity and confusion of these changing times. It was then he wrote: —

'In our indictment of war we can claim that it makes the victors mad and the vanquished base and evil. In defense of war we can say that it represents a return to barbarism, and therefore to nature. It corresponds to nature's winter sleep: man emerges from it stronger for both good and evil. . . . It is pathetically ingenuous to expect much from a race that has forgotten how to fight. As yet we have discovered no better or surer method than war to restore to effeminate nations the rude energy of the battlefield, the deep, impersonal hatred, the stern severity, that kill with a clear conscience. In a word, it is an experience that stirs the soul to the very bottom. . . . A race so highly cultivated, and consequently so worn and weary, as the people of Europe are to-day must have war in its most violent and terrible form if it is not to sacrifice its existence and its culture.'

Evidently, therefore, admirers of war can find support of their doctrines in Nietzsche's writings. But we must never forget that war and barbarism are interchangeable terms in his mind. Moreover, these are but fugitive impressions, momentary lapses. The philosopher invariably masters in the end this patriotic atavism and comes back toward a rational, coherent doctrine of European solidarity. We must not judge a man except by his matured convictions. As Nietzsche grew older he became more completely master of himself and his thoughts. He soon repudiated war and all its works with the utmost vigor, and from 1880 on he was consistently a pacifist. Already at that date he preached disarmament.

'The best way to ensure true peace, which is an indispensable prerequisite of moral peace, would be to strip ourselves of means of defense by a grand moral effort just when we were best able to defend ourselves. But as it is, our alleged armed peace, as it exists in every country, encourages moral unrest, and a distrust of our neighbors that prevents our disarming, partly because we hate them and partly because we fear them. It is better to perish than to live a life of constant hatred and fear; and it is twice better to perish than to exist by inspiring fear.'

Elsewhere, in his *Beyond Good and Evil*, written in the late eighties, he makes this lofty prophecy: 'Thanks to this disastrous estrangement among the peoples of Europe which the folly of our nationalists has produced, we fail to see the unmistakable signs of Europe's yearning to become one. But it is in vain that they try to conceal and distort that tendency; it asserts itself.' In his *Will to Power*, written in 1888, he returns to the same idea under the caption, 'A Little Fresh Air': 'Europe's present absurd condition cannot last very long. Is there a shadow of reason behind this bestial nationalism?'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poor great Nietzsche! His very boldness made him a perpetual exile in the land of obedience. He ventured to fathom moral problems to the bottom as did no other mortal. There was no issue he did not grapple with and resolutely seek to solve. And for that very reason his writings contain a counsel of hope and faith — faith that 'the attainment of a united Europe is something more than a fugitive dream of bleating, sheeplike pacifists.'

Quotations might be cited to show that in the end Nietzsche rid himself of every trace of narrow chauvinism. He advanced step by step, sometimes straying from the path, but ever drawing nearer an ideal of culture based on the brotherhood of all mankind. From 1880 onward he longed to see realized the spiritual kinship of the European world — the unification of Europe, a United States of Europe. Nietzsche was a good European. We may even say, in deference to the Nietzschean tradition, he was a super-European.

II. EUROPE AND THE EAST

WHAT is the East? Precisely what do we mean by the word 'Eastern'? In order to define these terms let us first try to trace certain frontiers of the East which geography ignores, but which our instinct, our history, our philosophy, our religion, clearly define. It is not exactly European Russia, nor the Iberian Peninsula, nor Asia, nor Africa, nor the ancient America of the Aztecs and the redskins, but it includes something of each of these. It is everything that our mind unconsciously embraces when it pronounces that apparently vague but really precise term, 'the East.'

I do not overlook the fact that great differences exist between the chivalrous and feudal Japanese and the practical and commercial-minded Chinese; between the warlike Kurds and the shrewd and active Kabyles. Nevertheless, we err neither in thought nor in expression when we refer to the East as a region of the soul. In speaking of 'the message of the East' we may differ slightly as to details, but we know in a general way what we wish to say.

Miguel de Unamuno has written: 'Science robs men of wisdom and changes them, as a rule, into phantoms laden with knowledge. To repudiate science would be mental suicide, but I cannot consider it as other than a preparation, and merely preparation, for wisdom.' When Unamuno makes such a statement as this, we know that he is ranging himself against modern Europe. Consequently we are not surprised to hear the fierce Spaniard exclaim, with the pungent humor so characteristic of him: —

'Ancient Africa! You can match her against modern Europe, and she is worth at least as much as the latter. Am I a European? Am I a modern? My conscience answers: "No, you are not a European — what is called a European; no, you are not a modern — what is called a modern." At heart we Spaniards are incapable of being Europeanized and modernized. Is there not a different life from modern European life — a different culture? And why don't we say in our hearts, "We ought to Africanize ourselves in the ancient way, or become ancient in the African way"?'

Similar outbursts occur in the writings of Tolstoi and Dostoevskii. If you will open that fine book written by a former Minister of Public Instruction in Japan, Okakura, and entitled *The Ideals of the East*, you will soon discover behind the rigid and warlike façade of this ancient nation a mood very similar to that of these marginal Europeans — these false Europeans who live beyond the border I have mentioned.

If you will recall, moreover, that the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

influence of Buddhism has gradually resumed its authority over all thinking Asia, from Persia to Nippon, and that through the proselytism of the Sufis it has profoundly modified Moslem mysticism, you will not be surprised to find under these local variations a single grand principle capable of embracing all these phases of thought, in Islam as well as in India and the Orient — that is to say, from Fez and Seville to Benares and Tokyo.

M. Sylvain Lévi, a great Orientalist, has discussed in his last book, *India and the World*, the fundamental faith that supports this great edifice. It is primarily recognition of the unreality of the world outside of us. Our senses are merely workers of illusion and error. The only unquestioned reality is that which exists in the consciousness within us. Behind the deceptive superficies of our personality, intuition unveils the absolute.

'For the Easterner, the universe is essentially something that grows within himself. The universe absorbs him and penetrates him, while to the Westerner it is external, an object of contemplation and invitation to action.' We need not be surprised, therefore, to learn from the explorer, Jacques Bacot, a man who knows Asia intimately, that the dominant impression that the whites produce upon the Orientals is of puerility.

The modern European, the child of the Renaissance, the man who believes in life, in happiness in life, and in science as a means to happiness, sees looming up before him in this enlightened twentieth century the Oriental, frightfully prolific, industrious, indefatigable, armed with secular patience. And this Oriental, after submitting to our influence for a time with a mixture of resignation and curiosity, imagines that he has now learned the moral content of our civilization from the spectacle of the last ten years. He rejects our ascendancy and resumes his liberty. He even shows signs of taking the offensive against us.

How much truth and substance is there in the disturbing prophecies that lie behind this conjecture? Europe's physical ascendancy is founded upon a few engineering laws, mechanical devices, and physical and chemical formulas. She has no secrets that an intelligent student, a shrewd and inquisitive observer, cannot record in sympathetic ink and carry away to his own country. If that is all we have, then we have cause enough for worry. We have good grounds for recalling Carthage — especially we Frenchmen, who have summoned armies of native mercenaries to our standards, taught them the secrets of our civilization, and confided to them our defense.

But in reality the situation is not as simple as that. Engineering knowledge, formulas, machines, are merely the fruits, the applications — often fortuitous and always transitory — of something more profound. Sylvain Lévi, whom I have just quoted, and who is certainly an impartial witness, as he is a great admirer of the Asiatic soul, writes thus: —

'Orientals, hostile to the West, are eager to believe that all that is necessary to equal and outstrip the West is to borrow and copy its technique. That is an error that bodes great evil for the world. Western science is an integral part of Western humanism. They were born together, they have grown up together, they are inseparable and of the same flesh and blood. They are the products of an identical attitude of mind, when facing questions of a different order. Faith in observation and experiment, such as supported a Galileo or a Pasteur, is not an isolated phenomenon that appears by mere accident. It is the product of a system

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of social life which prepares and supports it. It is something that Chinese empiricism, Hindu meditation, and Mussulman fatalism cannot possibly create.'

Why, then, should this problem of the East and of the West so trouble us, if a mere appeal to facts dissipates the phantoms that seem to threaten the hegemony of Europe. Let me hasten to say that I include America in this Europe, and that I exclude — at their own suggestion — Russia and Spain. If such a study of facts fails to lay the spectre, it must be because the danger of a conflict between the East and the West does not come from the direction we imagine. It does not have its origin in geographical, historical, or political conditions.

Maeterlinck has given us a clue here — although he never realized its importance or suggestiveness. He wrote somewhere: 'We all have two lobes in our brain: a Western and an Eastern lobe.' Let us say, rather, a dynamic lobe and a contemplative lobe, an active lobe and a receptive lobe, a muscular and motor lobe and a spiritual and moral lobe. The conflict between the East and the West is not outside of us in the physical world; it is within us. The Orient is our bad conscience.

Europe is not proud of herself. She is cast down and discouraged; she is ashamed of what she has done. She is like an active child who has been given a wonderful toy, much too wonderful and complicated for her age, which she has broken, and has cut herself in the breaking. Our prophets of evil shout: 'Decline! Death!' They predict the end of the white race and the utter collapse of our civilization. But let us bear this in mind: if these prophets of evil are mistaken, their false prophecies may do far more harm than we fancy.

Jaurès once thundered from the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies: 'There are times when error is a crime.' That is true whenever an error does not only material injury but also moral damage.

Neither the feeble push of nascent Christianity nor the disorderly and intermittent incursions of the barbarians overthrew the Roman Empire. That great structure fell because the Romans had lost faith in the State, because its citizens shirked public service, because the people sabotaged a political system that no longer appealed to their loyalty and sense of justice. Is the European world facing a similar crisis to-day?

No. Let us interpret our condition as rather a crisis of growth. The Westerner is the child of only four centuries. Compared with the man of the East he is extremely young. The German philosopher Keyserling writes: 'Several stages, each incomplete in itself, intervene between one perfect form and another. Modern Europe has broken her ancient patterns, and by so doing she has made it impossible to attain perfection for a long time to come. She has returned to barbarism, where she still lingers and into which she will undoubtedly sink still deeper. But it is no less certain that she is pursuing her natural course of development. In all probability the materialism of our present epoch will be regarded in some future age as simply a stage on the path to spiritual attainment. We, too, really long for the higher — the supreme spiritual — perfection; but we also want to reshape the phenomenal world that surrounds us in the image of our own thought. And if this last preoccupation for the time being holds the first place in our minds, it is because man cannot pursue two things simultaneously with equal ardor.'

Our problem, therefore, narrows down to passing as quickly as possible

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through this stage of barbarism, this epoch of chaos, between two periods of fruitful and happy activity and moral tranquillity. How can we accomplish this? Here the ancient East may be of service to us, and we should listen to its message.

We cannot escape from this round of imprisoning futilities simply by accelerating our pace, simply by the impatient hurrying that 'makes us run as fast as we can even to waste our time.' There is no salvation in all this display of futile physical energy, which makes us neglect intellectual and spiritual values without corresponding compensation either for ourselves or for others, and transforms us into crazy jumping-jacks, of which the typical American is the extreme example.

A miserable beggar once sat at the gates of Rome, where those who passed by saw him in the same position year after year. A child went to an old man and asked: 'What is this beggar waiting for?' And the old man gave the child an answer that he did not understand until long afterward: 'He is waiting for you.' This old Hebrew legend has impressed itself deeply on my memory. It pairs with the parable in the Scriptures which describes Jesus passing through a poor fishermen's village on the shore of the Sea of Galilee and summoning to follow Him the four who were called Peter, James, John, and Andrew.

In our days the child would not see the divine old beggar at Rome's gates, because he would enter the sacred city in an automobile or a parlor car. In our days Peter, James, John, and Andrew would not hear the voice of Him who called them, because it would be drowned by the noise of the klaxons in the village street.

That is the meaning of the West and of the East.

TRUTH AND FICTION [1]

BY LORD BALFOUR AND RUDYARD KIPLING

[We are supplementing Mr. Kipling's complete speech with a synthesis of two news reports of the dinner at which the gold medal of the Royal Society was presented.]

At the centenary banquet of the Royal Society of Literature, held last night at the New Princes' Galleries, and attended by many famous littérateurs, Mr. Rudyard Kipling was awarded the gold medal in recognition of his great services to literature, and afterward delivered an interesting speech on fiction writing. The first to receive the coveted medal was Sir Walter Scott, and the most recent recipients have been Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Thomas Hardy.

The Marquis of Crewe is president of the society, but in his unavoidable absence the Earl of Balfour, vice-president, occupied the chair and made the

[1] From the *Times* (London Independent-Conservative daily) and the *Daily Telegraph* (London Independent-Conservative daily), *July* 8

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

presentation to Mr. Kipling. Societies and institutions other than those concerned with literature, as well as foreign nations, were represented. Mrs. Kipling had a place of honor, and also at the head table were Lord Darling and his daughter, the Honorable Diana Darling, Sir Edmund Gosse, Countess Buxton, Lord and Lady Charnwood, and Dean Inge. Others filling representative positions were Dr. A. C. Seward, Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University; Sir Frank Dicksee, President of the Royal Academy; Professor Tout, President of the Royal Historical Society; Mr. Guy Dawber, President of the Royal Institute of British Architects; and delegates from the French, Belgian, Spanish, and United States Embassies. It was a disappointment that the Prime Minister and Mrs. Baldwin were unable to fulfill their original intention of being present.

Lord Balfour, proposing the toast, 'The Royal Society of Literature,' referred to the one hundred years that had elapsed since the society received the royal charter, and said it would be strange if that one hundred years had made no difference in their outlook, even upon the permanent facts of literature. Let them think how many literary revolutions had occurred in that period. When they were founded it was just after the deaths of Byron, Keats, and Shelley. It was before the appearance of Tennyson, and, indeed, before the appearance of the men of letters who greatly figured in the Victorian epoch.

The Victorian epoch, with all its glories, had come and was gone; and they now, he supposed, if they understood the movements of the times in which they lived, if they comprehended what literary progress meant, and if they lived up to the ideals of their grandchildren, must indeed look back upon the Victorian epoch — which only came in the middle of their career — as an antiquated phenomenon, which might be looked at, not indeed with great admiration, nor indeed with profound respect, but with a kind of friendly pity. Though he struggled to the best of his ability to keep pace with the enlightened among the younger generation, he did not always feel himself equal to the task.

As to the society, he did not think that they ought to, or could, imitate the virtues and triumphs of some of the foreign Academies — the greatest of all of them the French Academy, with its immense historic background and the support of a great tradition in a country where many traditions got upset by the course of political revolutions, but where the literary tradition remained a great monument of national genius.

The French Academy, with those historic traditions behind it, had undertaken tasks which all of them would admit the Royal Society of Literature for many reasons was quite incapable of carrying out. It would be folly for them to set themselves up as in any great sense the guardians of their language. They could do, and ought to do, a great deal to support it and to set an example as to its uses, but he did not imagine that any member of the society would seriously propose that they should set to work to make a dictionary of the English language at all corresponding to the task undertaken in France, and he was sure that if they did undertake the task they would perform it without any success, or any advantage to the cause they had at heart.

He did not think they had ever pretended to be the source of literary criticism in the sense of judging what was or was not good literature. In that respect they probably all held different opinions. The bond which united them was the love of literature, but that did not mean that they agreed as to what

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good literature was, or as to the relative merits of this or that author. But it meant that in every member of the society there was a joy in literature from which all their subordinate activities sprang. Perhaps they would ask what made good literature, what was the essence of this perennial source of the highest pleasures.

Mr. Bailey, in a recent lecture, had expended an hour in explaining that he (Lord Balfour) was a literary iconoclast, a kind of literary Bolshevik, who spread chaos in the whole idea of literature. He would not enter on any metaphysical argument on that matter, but he thought Mr. Bailey was under a profound mistake as to his views on the subject. He was very indignant that there should not be, as it were, a rule of law as to good literature, and he said it was useless to tell the public that tastes changed. It was true that scientific opinions did change, and that tastes might vary among those who were interested in literature. The fundamental difference was that science was, after all, an attempt to get the truth of an objective fact — a fact which existed. Endless mistakes were made, but the knowledge of the world was increased. There was, therefore, a continuous advance in those matters; but who was going to say there was an advance in literature?

The essence of æsthetics was the sentiment or pleasure which they extracted from works of art. It was the feeling and emotion with which they read a book that counted, and that was entirely different from the pursuit of objective truth. No investigation mankind had made would ever get them to the essential root of beauty, to the essence of that which they cared for in literature and art. Good criticism, of which there was a great deal to-day, was largely occupied, not in trying to extract what could not be extracted, — the core of beauty from works of art, — but in making them more intelligible and more easily appreciated by explaining the medium in which they were written. That was a work of enormous value which people instinctively took to, and which brought them together over works of literature. They were there because they were interested in literature. Among them good criticism found encouragement; therefore it was well that they should meet to celebrate their past and look forward to their future. Their society showed a steadily increasing vitality, and would help future generations to understand the genius and value of works of art. All great art was new art, and might be founded upon the past. But if it did not bring into the world something that was not in the world before, and if it did not compel them to modify their view of what literature was, it was not very much alive.

Very few men genuinely changed their feelings about any art after they were sixty or, say, seventy. He did not pretend that he could thoroughly understand all the æsthetic developments of the arts, but they had his deepest sympathy.

Lord Balfour, in presenting the gold medal of the society to Mr. Kipling, said that in the history of the society only three other medals had been presented. He first heard of Mr. Kipling in the eighties, when he was given a green paper-bound copy of his works. He read them with rapture and avidity, and felt that a new genius had arisen above the horizon. Mr. Kipling's works were all marked with a peculiar stamp of individual genius, in his case wholly unmistakable. Mr. Kipling imitated no one, and no one had imitated him without disaster. Their guest had that instinct and inherent originality which could never be a copy and never be copied. He was a romantic novelist —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or, if one preferred it, a realistic romanticist. He had given them pictures of social life, admirable in realism; he had given them history mixed up with fairy story in a form in which neither fairy story nor history suffered; and he had used the old device of conferring upon animals some of the attributes of man, but used it with novelty and wealth of imagination. There had never been anything like his treatment of animals. He had moved the admiration of foreign critics, and he had received the honors of countless universities. He had the yet greater honor of moving the imagination of the young and stirring them to high endeavor. No man could more rightly receive the highest honor it was in the power of the society to bestow.

In reply to Lord Balfour, Mr. Kipling said: —

'I am sure that to-night and to-morrow every member of my craft will be grateful, Lord Balfour, that in your many-sided career you have never thought to compete in the ranks of professed workers in fiction.

'As regards the subject, not the treatment, of Lord Balfour's speech, I think we may take it, gentlemen, that the evening light is much the same for all men. When the shadows lengthen one contrasts what one had intended to do in the beginning with what one has accomplished. That the experience is universal does not make it any less acid — especially when, as in my case, one has been extravagantly rewarded for having done what one could not have helped doing.

'But recognition by one's equals and betters in one's own craft is a reward of which a man may be unashamedly proud — as proud as I am of the honor that comes to me to-night from your hands. For I know with whom you have seen fit to brigade me in the ranks of Literature. The fiction that I am worthy of that honor be upon your heads!

'Yet, at least, the art that I follow is not an unworthy one. For Fiction is Truth's elder sister. Obviously! No one in the world knew what truth was till someone had told a story. So it is the oldest of the arts, the mother of history, biography, philosophy, — dogmatic or doubtful, Lord Balfour, — and, of course, of politics.

'Fiction began when some man invented a story about another man. It developed when another man told tales about a woman. This strenuous epoch begat the first school of destructive criticism, as well as the first critic, who spent his short but vivid life in trying to explain that a man need not be a hen to judge the merits of an omelet. He died, but the question he raised is still at issue. It was inherited by the earliest writers from their unlettered ancestors, who also bequeathed to them the entire stock of primeval plots and situations — those fifty ultimate comedies and tragedies to which the gods mercifully limit human action and suffering.

'This changeless aggregate of material workers in fiction through the ages have run into fresh moulds, adorned and adapted to suit the facts and the fancies of their own generation. The Elizabethans, for instance, stood on the edge of a new and wonderful world filled with happy possibilities. Their descendants three hundred and fifty years later have been shot into a world as new and as wonderful, but not quite as happy. And in both ages you can see writers raking the dumps of the English language for words that shall range further, hit harder, and explode over a wider area than the service pattern words in common use.

'This merciless search, trial, and scrapping of material is one with the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

continuity of life, which, we all know, is as a tale that is told, and which writers feel should be well told. All men are interested in reflections of themselves and their surroundings, whether in the pure heart of a crystal or in a muddy pool, and nearly every writer who supplies a reflection secretly desires a share of immortality for the pains he has been at in holding up the mirror — which also reflects himself. He may get his desire. Quite a dozen writers have achieved immortality in the past twenty-five hundred years. From a bookmaker's — a real bookmaker's —point of view the odds are not attractive. But fiction is built on fiction. That is where it differs from the other arts.

'Most of the arts admit the truth that it is not expedient to tell everyone everything. Fiction recognizes no such bar. There is no human emotion or mood which it is forbidden to assault— there is no canon of reserve or pity that need be respected — in fiction. Why should there be? The man, after all, is not telling the truth. He is only writing fiction. While he writes it his world will extract from it just so much of truth or pleasure as it requires for the moment. In time a little more, or much less, of the residue may be carried forward to the general account, and there, perhaps, diverted to ends of which the writer never dreamed.

'Take a well-known instance. A man of overwhelming intellect and power goes scourged through life between the dread of insanity and the wrath of his own soul warring with a brutal age. He exhausts mind, heart, and brain in that battle; he consumes himself, and perishes in utter desolation. Out of all his agony remains one little book, his dreadful testament against his fellow kind, which to-day serves as a pleasant tale for the young under the title of *Gulliver's Travels*. That, and a faint recollection of some baby-talk in some love letters, is as much as the world has chosen to retain of Jonathan Swift, Master of Irony. Think of it! It is like tuning-down the glare of a volcano to light a child to bed.

'The true nature and intention, then, of a writer's work does not lie within his own knowledge. And we know that the world makes little allowance for any glory of workmanship which a writer spends on material that does not interest. So it would seem that fiction is one of the few unsheltered occupations, in that there is equal victimization on both sides and no connection between the writer's standard of life, his output, or his wages.

'Under these conditions has grown up in England a literature lavish in all aspects — lavish with the inveterate unthrift of the English, who are never happy unless they are throwing things away. By virtue of that same weakness, or strength, it overlaps so sumptuously that one could abstract and bestow from the mere wastage of any literary age since Chaucer's enough of abundance and enjoyment to quicken half a world. Those who study in the treasure houses of its past know what unregarded perfection of workmanship and what serene independence of design often went to fabricate the least among those treasures. And they know also the insolence of the greatest masters, who were too pressed to wait on perfection in their haste to reveal to us some supreme jewel scarcely cleansed from the matrix. Our English literature, I think, has always been the expression of a race more anxious to deliver what was laid upon it than to measure the means and methods of delivery.

'And this immense and profligate range of experience, invention, and passion is our incommunicable inheritance, which is drawn upon at every

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

need, for multitudes who, largely, neither know nor care whence their need is met.

'In every age some men gain temporary favor because they happen to have met a temporary need of their age. Yet, as regards their future, they stand on a perfect equality with their fellow craftsmen. It is not permitted to a generation to know what, or how much, of its effort will be carried forward to the honor and grace of our literature. The utmost a writer can hope is that there may survive of his work a fraction good enough to be drawn upon later, to uphold or embellish some ancient truth restated, or some old delight reborn.

'Admitting this, a man may, by the exercise of a little imagination, persuade himself that he has acquired merit in his lifetime. Or, if imagination be lacking, he may be led to that comfortable conclusion by the magic of his own art heard as we have heard it tonight, on the lips of a man wise in life, and a master not ignorant of the power of words.'

NEW LAFCADIO HEARN LETTERS[1]

[No other Occidental writer has received as much honor as Lafcadio Hearn in Japan, where a complete Japanese version of his works is about to be published in seventeen volumes. His enthusiastic and sympathetic delvings into the romance and folklore of his adopted land revealed new cultural treasures to the Japanese themselves. One of their critics has written: 'Old tales we had forgotten ages ago were brought forth again to delight our ears, and ancient beauties buried under the dust of oblivion greeted our eyes with strange new splendor.' This adds interest to a new volume of Hearn's hitherto unpublished letters and miscellaneous writings which has just appeared at Tokyo, and of which we give further information under Books Mentioned.]

In the course of his enthusiastic introduction to the letters, Dr. Ichikawa says: —

To the large body of English students in this country these letters will serve as models of letter writing, for nowhere else can they look for simpler, clearer, yet more beautiful prose. Here they will find poetry and business going hand in hand. Here they will also find the same qualities which have endeared Hearn's work to so many — tenderness, fellow feeling, and sincerity. That he was a man of extreme common sense notwithstanding his eccentricity may be seen from his counsels to his young students, and that he was at once a dreamer and a seer, and in spite of, or in consequence of, his myopia had a clearer vision of the future than ordinary mortals, is evident from some of his writings.

Turning to the letters themselves, the first sentence that one meets would shock ordinary Japanese teachers of English grammar: 'I felt ever so much better last evening, and I would feel tempted to work to-day; but my voice is not yet quite clear enough.' In the same letter we find: 'If there are any more compositions I will be glad to get them and to correct them.' But that he did not always use 'will' to

[1] From the *Japan Weekly Chronicle* (Kobe Anglo-Japanese weekly), *June* 24

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

indicate the future tense in the first person would appear from the following sentence in the next letter: 'I think I shall not be sick any more in Matsue, and will never give you so much trouble again. To-morrow I am sure I shall be able to teach.'

The fact is that his idea of the proper use of 'will' and 'shall' had been quite confused until he had a lesson (for one was all that was needed, we understand) on the subject from Professor Chamberlain. In Ireland — where Hearn spent some early years — as in Scotland, 'will' and 'shall' get curiously transposed from their standard English use.

There is frequent mention of Professor Chamberlain in the early Matsue and Kumamoto letters, and also of the late Mr. W. B. Mason; with both of these Hearn was for a time on very intimate terms, but he dropped them before long, as he did many others — in fact almost all of his friends in the course of his career, even Mr. Otani, his pupil, protégé, and literary assistant, being no exception to the rule. In a letter to his fellow teacher at the Matsue Middle School, Sentaro Nishida, dated Tokyo, July 19, 1894, he says: —

> I am stopping now alternately in Tokyo and Yokohama. In Yokohama at the Club Hotel. In Tokyo at the houses of friends. One of these, a very dear friend, would like to see and know you. He has a charming Japanese family — so that you would feel quite at home. I hope we shall be able to spend an evening with him. He is a teacher in the First Higher Middle School, and has a pension from the Government for long service in the Department of Posts and Telegraphs. . . . Should you write in the meantime, address me 19 Akasaka Daimachi — Chamberlain's house. He is away; but I have the freedom of his house for a time.

This marked the heyday of his friendship with Professor Chamberlain and Mr. Mason, for the expression 'very dear friend' refers of course to Mr. Mason, whom he describes in an earlier letter to the same correspondent as 'Chamberlain's literary partner' and 'also a friend of mine,' adding: 'Mason was seventeen years in the Department of Communications. He is a man of delicate literary taste, and kindest disposition.' In another letter to the same correspondent during the same sojourn in the capital, Hearn writes: 'My friend Mason is back. . . . He is to me, as an Englishman, what you are as a Japanese friend — and his family is delightful.' But all this friendship ceased, presumably in 1894, when his correspondence with Professor Chamberlain terminated. As for Hearn's habit of dropping his friends, Nina H. Kennard, the authoress of one of the most interesting lives of Lafcadio Hearn, writes: —

> Mr. Mason, like many others whom we met, was full of anecdotes about Lafcadio, his oddities, his caprices. In days gone by he had been extremely intimate with him, but Hearn had put a sudden end to the friendship; Mr. Mason never knew exactly why, but imagined it was in consequence of his neglecting to take off his footgear and put on sandals one day before entering Hearn's house.

But we were informed by Mr. Mason himself that this was incorrect, for the reason that he had never set foot in Hearn's house!

Writing from Kumamoto shortly before his trip to Tokyo, on July 8, 1894, Hearn wails to Nishida: —

> I have been so unhappy in Kumamoto for three years that my nerves are worn out. There has been, I think, a steady effort to force me out of the school ever since I came to it. I suppose I have the misfortune of being in somebody's way. Well, a few days ago, I felt obliged to do what I had never done before — to speak to the Director about the difficulties of my position. He

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

answered kindly, told me to keep my own counsel, and promised to make some changes in the system. But I have no idea what will be done. A foreigner among Japanese officials is simply a *go-ishi*, a pawn. He has no friend, and no sympathy: indeed his feelings are not considered to exist. 'Outside of one's own family,' says my English friend, who has a Japanese family (and splendid sons grown up), 'do not look for sympathy.' I fear this is very nearly true. I am so terribly alone here that living is tiresome. Being quite alone, in the ordinary sense of the word, is pleasant enough — while one has a family. But to be always forced into contact with others who have no interest in you except to use you, or to get you out of their way, is tiresome. Indeed I would not stay in Japan another day, but that I have a family to take care of, and that my boy is still so young.

After his return to Kumamoto he is again seized with a fit of doubt and despondency. On August 5, 1894, he writes: —

My contract here is *supposed* to be renewed until March, but as I have no friend in the school, I can't tell how things will go. We all — I mean all of us foreign *yatoi* — expect that the next meeting of the Diet may throw us out of place. There is certainly no more future for English teachers of English in Japan. And if I once get out of government employ, I will never go back to it. I would rather have a place in a Yokohama or Kobe house at one half the salary.

In the next letter to Nishida, undated, he says: —

I can't understand things at all. Perhaps I am dead wrong. The great trouble is that no one is friendly enough with me to allow of my getting any information, or making any confidences. The best thing I can do is, perhaps, to work on quietly and trust to time. Whatever may be said or done against a man, it won't hurt him much in the end so long as he does his duty and so long as the things said about him are not true. But I hope in a year or two at latest to stop teaching altogether.

This wise resolution is soon broken; in the next letter, not dated, he says: —

I must try to get out of Kumamoto at once. If you know of any place where I could get kind treatment, even at a small salary — please let me know.

In another, also undated, to Nishida, he says: —

This is my last to you from Kumamoto, as I leave in a day or two — under official pretext of being frightfully sick. The Director has been *very* kind to me: he is a good man, I think, and has tried to save me from trouble. Other things are going on in the school, which I can't understand — but I think, only think, there is intrigue of which the wires end both in Kumamoto and in Mombusho [Educational Department] . . . and respecting the mysterial state of the school, there is no comprehensible reason for it which could have a moral foundation. It is very, very queer and nasty; and I am glad to get away.

Some kind of intrigue is always going on in a Japanese school, office, or company. The trouble with Hearn was that he always thought that such intrigue was directed against him. In his first letter to Chamberlain from Kobe, he writes: —

Both of you [Chamberlain and Mason] knew, or ought to have known, that I was in the Kwakto-Jigoku for two years, but neither of you would move a pen to help me out of it. Well, I suppose you consulted over together (unfair! — two against one!) and concluded it was best to let me stick it out. And it was — since it forced me out of a service which has become unbearable. Still, I feel a little mad at you both. For either of you I should have broken my back to help if necessary, without waiting for finely detailed explanations.

Writing to Nishida from Kobe, on July 25, 1895, when one might have expected to find him calmer and more sensible, Hearn says: —

You said in your last letter you did not understand why I left Kumamoto. I can't

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tell, because I don't know the machinery at work. I can only guess. The teachers boycotted me, and tried to make trouble for me with the students. Not all of the teachers — but some. The man Sakuma was constantly with the missionaries, by all accounts, and kept them informed of everything going on in the school. He says he is not a Christian; and this may be true, but he helped the missionaries to get information. He also played double; for he carried information about missionary work to Tokyo. He forced out of the school several better men than himself; and his cleverness at this sort of intrigue is very great. Now it strikes me that he was the chief party in the matter — at all events, after three years, I could not possibly live in the school with him any longer at any salary.

Poor Mr. Sakuma, the standing butt of Hearn's misanthropic and morbid suspicion! His is the unenviable and probably totally unmerited distinction of being immortalized by Hearn's hatred. He is, we believe, one of those several early and remarkable graduates of the Agricultural College in Sapporo who did not soil their hands with farming, but distinguished themselves by their knowledge of English.

On October 15, 1894, we find Hearn writing from the *Kobe Chronicle* office, asking Nishida for occasional Matsue news for the paper. In the next letter we have: —

My employer and associate is an Englishman, Mr. Robert Young, once connected with the *Saturday Review*, and in all matters in perfect sympathy with me. He treats me like a brother; his wife pets Mrs. Hearn; and we feel quite happy so far. Of course the work is hard; but it is my old profession. I write all the editorials — the leading articles of the paper: so whenever you read one of them, you may be sure I am talking to you. I am allowed perfect freedom to write just as I please.

Settsu [the name of his wife] always liked Kobe; and I always wished to settle in it if obliged to leave the interior. I am thinking to build her a nice permanent future home. Even if I should be eventually drawn to Yokohama — which is quite near to Kobe by rail, you know — Settsu could be very happy in Kobe. . . .

Besides the devilish treatment I received in the Government Service, I have been obliged to recognize the fact that I can never become a Japanese, or find real sympathy from the Japanese as a whole. I am obliged to acknowledge that at last my isolation became too much for me. I felt the need of being again among men of my own race, who, with all their faults, have sympathy and kindness, and who have the *same color of soul* as myself. How foolish the foreigner who believes that he can understand the Japanese!

Before long his enthusiasm for Kobe — 'this city of bargaining, struggling, and money grabbing,' as he calls it afterward — wanes. Though at heart he cannot become a Japanese, he is obliged to become a Japanese at law, and returns to the isolation and government service which he found so disagreeable in Kumamoto, and remains there six years. Writing on August 31, 1895, he says: —

They are trying very hard to get me to Kagoshima at 150 per month.

I've just finished my book, *Kokoro*, and am waiting for the course of events. Should I be able to visit Riukiu and Manila, I can get 1200.00 gold for the results in newspaper correspondence; but I am not sure whether I shall be able to venture the outlay. . . . I have money; but I do not wish to run any risks for Settsu's sake — as we are not yet rich enough to feel independent. I think we shall be some day, if I keep my health. I might go to Kagoshima, if things don't turn out well, and postpone the trip; but I had much rather be teaching elsewhere — say, in Kyoto. Still, teaching is not a pleasant business now; and perhaps I can live on books after a while. Meantime, I want Settsu to settle in Matsue: we can buy land there cheaper than anywhere on this side. In Kobe some of the ground is worth 180 yen per tsubo; the value where

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my house stands is about 36 yen per tsubo. Only a rich man can pay that. I should like some day to buy the old Katchiu Yashiki in Kitabori-machi, and live there, and be buried in one of the old, old Buddhist cemeteries where the great trees are.

The following is found in a letter bearing the date stamp of September 19, 1895: —

To become a Japanese citizen promises to be an enormously troublesome thing, and a costly one — besides being of no benefit to me. However, there is no other way of making the situation a just one; for should I take the English law to help me, Settsu becomes English and loses all rights as a Japanese subject. What a seeming injustice the law is in some cases. Still it is necessary; many foreigners would have taken dishonorable advantage of it.

In June 1896 Hearn receives the offer of a position as lecturer in the Tokyo Imperial University from Dr. Toyama, who was statesman enough to realize the propaganda value of Hearn in days when the word 'propaganda' was not in so much vogue as now, at the then very generous salary of 400 yen per month, for it was about this time when Hearn wrote: 'The Sendai post which I refused at 175 Dening has taken at 150.' Writing under date Tokyo, December 18, 1896, he says: —

Teaching is practically over at this date. The students are not quite so earnest as I should like. They shrink from examinations and many really ought not to have been allowed to pass into the University — their knowledge of English or other foreign languages being too low. There are actually pupils of mine who cannot write five lines of English! I think that the educational system badly needs strong men to renovate it — the students having far too much power to do as they please. Still, I must not grumble; there must be troubles everywhere, and one cannot expect 400 *yen* monthly without having some disappointment and obstacles to face.

This was about the last letter to Mr. Nishida. From these letters it appears that Hearn stayed in Kobe nearly two years, from October 1894 to August 1896, but it does not appear when he broke connection with the *Chronicle* and how he liked his work with the paper. But it is not hard to imagine that to a man whose usual practice in writing was to rewrite four or five times — he is known to have rewritten an article seventeen times on one occasion at least — newspaper work must have been anything but pleasant, and its results more unsatisfactory to himself than to anybody else. His *Chronicle* articles are perhaps the only writings of his in Japan which are not likely to be perpetuated in book form.

The next large batch of letters is to Mr. Otani Masanobu, one of Hearn's Matsue pupils, who was in Hearn's class in the Tokyo University also. Under date December 9, 1896, Hearn writes to him: —

Every month I shall give you a subject to write upon during the month, and when the work is well done, you will receive for it the sum you received before.

If it is not well done, I shall send it back to you to do over again, and you get no money till it is properly done.

The arrangement will be *only from month to month;* and its continuance in the future must depend on your power to please and be useful. If you cannot please or be useful, then a better man must take your place. There are hundreds who would be glad of the opportunity. . . .

In short you will write for me twelve or thirteen articles a year — some of which will require research — under these conditions: no article, no money.

Under this arrangement he sets Otani to write on Student Life in Tokyo, Students' Poetry, Buddhist Proverbs, Inscriptions on *Sotoba* and *Haka*, Singing Insects Kept in Cages, Children's Play-songs, Folklore and Mythology of Japa-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nese Plants, Love Songs, *Kagura-uta* and *Saibara*, Japanese Female Names, *Semi*, and so on. Three years pass during which Otani is treated with mixed doses of praise, scolding, and fault-finding, until on June 30, 1899, we find Hearn writing: —

MY DEAR OTANI,—

Your three years' course at the University is over; and I am glad to be able to present you with the enclosed document. I have gone somewhat into particulars, only because I want you to *feel* that you have really paid for your own education, like a man, and have no obligations of any sort so far as I am concerned. Of course, it is true that everybody could not have disposed of your work as I did — used it in just the same way; but that does not in the least affect the fact that you have really *paid* for your expenses for three years in Tokyo.

I do not pretend that I was kind to you; and the work must have sometimes been tiresome. But the results to yourself have not been altogether bad. When you entered the University your average in English was quite low — not above 65. You have since brought your average up to nearly 90 — which is a very big difference. . . .

It now only remains for me to wish you another kind of success — literary success in your own language.

The enclosed document reads: —

This is to certify that my friend and pupil, Otani Masanobu, has by the proceeds of his literary work fully repaid me all sums advanced him for his educational and other expenses in Tokyo during his three years' attendance at the University — amounting to a total of $425.00 (of which total $329.60 were returned to me on the 2nd January, 1899, and the balance placed to my credit in Boston, U.S.A., from the 30th June, 1899) — and that he has freed himself from all obligations toward me, pecuniary or otherwise.

Y. KOIZUMI
(*Lafcadio Hearn*)

TOKYO, *June* 30, 1899

Another letter, dated May 11, 1900, reads: —

I must take this opportunity to tell you that your paper on dragon flies was very, *very* good. I finished working at it about two weeks ago, and expect to print the result in 1901 — next year. I used nearly all of the verses.

And, by the way, I should like, in the same volume [*Miscellany*], to mention your name, if you have no objection — referring at the same time to the assistance given me by you in the preceding three books [*Exotics and Retrospectives*, *Ghostly Japan*, and *Shadowings*].

He wrote to Nishida from Kobe on July 25, 1895, the year before his appointment as Lecturer in English Literature at Tokyo University: —

The study of literature that I think useless for the average student is the study of foreign literature — unless the student be so rich that he can spend several years in a *first-class* university abroad, and unless he be so highly gifted by nature that he can do what only one student in 100,000 can do. There ought to be a small special class in the University for such students; but the preliminary examination ought to be so high as to preclude anyone not having a perfect knowledge of ordinary English or French. How many have that? Most cannot even accent words correctly. How then could it be possible for them to comprehend even the construction of Western poetry, which all depends on tone-values? And how can they understand Western prose without understanding anything of Western social life. They only *think* they understand. Drawn or painted on paper, their ideas of that life would prove to be not even of this world. After having been five years in Japan I confess I still cannot understand the Japanese at all; and yóu must have found many misapprehensions in what I write. Yet I am a writer and observer by profession. Is not the difficulty for the young Japanese student in Europe just as great? A Chinese merchant here is able to speak Japanese with absolute eloquence. A Korean can learn to. These are kindred races; their ancestral experiences have not been very different — in religion, social ethics, habits, government.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But no Japanese or Chinese or Korean can possibly understand Western character except by going to Europe as a child, and forgetting his mother tongue completely.

More than two years earlier, on February 8, 1893, he wrote thus to the same correspondent, expressing his political opinion of Japan: —

Hurrah! The Diet has been dissolved! I want to see the Military party in supreme power — another Shōgun, or Iyeyasu, or Iyemitsu, to establish some sort of order in this land of earthquakes and impermanence. Or the suspension of the Constitution. So far it has only been a waste of money. What *is* the use of a parliament to a people without any experience of autonomy? The result is only *Soshi* and disorder and temporary insanity.

Here is his advice to Otani comparatively early in his acquaintance with that favorite pupil, written at Kumamoto on March 4, 1894: —

Japan wants no more lawyers now; and I think the professions of literature and of teaching give small promise. What Japan needs is scientific men; and she will need more and more of them every year. To-day you are fortunate; but nothing in this world is sure. Suppose you were obliged suddenly to depend entirely on your own unassisted power to make money — would it not then be necessary to do something practical? Certainly it would. And *according to the rarity of your abilities* would be your remuneration — your money-making power. Even the Queen of England obliged her children to learn professions.

On September 23, 1897, Hearn, who, whatever his previous experiences with matrimony may have been, was singularly fortunate in his Japanese marriage, thus wrote upon that topic to another Japanese friend: —

It is not, in my opinion, the question as to whether a girl is nice or not that should influence you; but the much more important question as to how your two characters would combine. A girl might be a very angel to one man, and a devil to another. It is a matter of affinity, of harmony of disposition. I don't mean that the character of the wife should be the same as that of the husband. Sometimes strong opposites make the best matches: the two characters unite, like two elements in chemistry, to form a peculiar but most effective combination.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPORT FOR SPORT'S SAKE?

A BRITISH SYMPOSIUM

[THE first of the following articles appeared without signature in the July 3 issue of the *New Statesman*. The second, by Bernard Darwin, grandson of Charles Darwin, who is a leading authority on the ancient game of St. Andrews, appeared in the *Spectator* of July 10.]

WHAT IS SPORT?

IN some form or other this question must have occurred to a great many people in England during the past week or two. Every day, in spite of the coal crisis, the chief topic of the newspapers has been sport — golf, tennis, and cricket championships; and now there is rowing at Henley. And through it all we, most of us, feel that there is something wrong. Not one Englishman reached even the semifinals at Wimbledon, and in the Open Golf Championship the first four were Americans, and there were only two Englishmen in the first ten. At cricket we have done better — but we did not win. What is the matter with English sport? Is there anything wrong with it?

The answer is both yes and no. If the object of games is merely to win at all costs, then our whole outlook is a wrong one; we do not go the right way about it. It is obvious that we do not subscribe enough money to train and keep our potential champions. Hagen on leaving England declared that our golf players are 'lazy.' He would have been nearer the mark if he had said that our golf-loving public is stingy; it does not endow its professional 'hopes' and enable them to devote their whole time to training and practice. It is money that is the trouble; without money we can never maintain our supremacy in the realm of international sport — in spite of the fact that practically every known outdoor game was invented in this island.

But if, on the other hand, we are right in regarding a game as a game, and amateurism, in its broadest sense, as being the very essence of everything that is worthy to be called sport, then we may take comfort to our souls and declare with a whole heart that there is nothing whatever wrong with English sport, and that indeed it has never before been so flourishing as it is to-day.

Games occupy an extraordinarily large place in modern civilized life, and probably their popularity will increase for decades to come. Of that fact in itself we do not see why anyone should complain. Outdoor games are an invaluable adjunct to life — so invaluable that we do not think that even the great prominence given to them in our public schools is seriously excessive. But still they are only an adjunct. There is not much harm, and some good, in their being made the chief business in life of the schoolboy, but if they become the only business in life of adult men and women, then as sport they are ruined. To take a game too seriously is to turn it from a sport into a business — and that is exactly what most of these foreigners, who have borrowed our games, do. They say we are lazy, not serious

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enough, too casual about training, and so on. Surely we may not only admit such charges, but welcome them. We invented cricket and tennis and golf as recreations, not as short cuts to newspaper fame or financial prosperity. It is time Englishmen searched their souls on this subject and found some satisfying answer to the question of 'What is sport?'

The crucial point of the problem is the matter of professionalism. It is not, of course, a question of technical professionalism. Well-to-do amateurs who have never made a penny out of the games they play may be more professional than many a player who earns his weekly livelihood by making centuries or coaching. Mademoiselle Lenglen, for example, is the very type of a professional. So, in a slightly different sense, is Mr. Bobby Jones. They are, perhaps, respectively the greatest tennis and golf players who ever lived, and, of course, have never in their lives accepted a cheque for a match; but the game is nevertheless their profession and their life. They do not play for money, but neither do they play for recreation; they play for fame and the advantages which thereby they derive. There is no reason why they should be blamed or despised for that, any more than we despise the greatest batsman in the world. But in any consideration of the fundamental questions of sport it is certainly necessary to remember that there is no real difference of status between a Lenglen, a Hobbs, and a Bobby Jones. Such differences as exist are merely accidental.

The real difference between the amateur and professional attitude has nothing to do with money. It is a question of seriousness. A man who devotes his whole life to a game, studying it, keeping fit only for it, is, even though he be a millionaire, essentially a professional, and may do more than any wage-earning player to introduce the professional spirit into the game, and thus make it no game at all. The real amateur — paid or unpaid — plays for the sake of the game; the professional — paid or unpaid — plays merely to win at all costs. That is the essential difference.

And it has lately become a very important difference. For there is no doubt that those who are trained to play to win will win more often than not. Mademoiselle Lenglen is the outstanding example of this. How perfect and how dull the majority of her shots are! There are, of course, in her play flashes of dazzling ability, strokes that one would have supposed impossible and that we should regard as glorious flukes if we had not seen that she could produce them almost whenever she likes. But she never produces them for their own sake or cares to take a risk. Her characteristic game is to play for safety, waiting for the inevitable error of her opponent. And that, of course, is the way to win, but it is not great fun either for herself or for the spectators. M. Cochet — who was expected to win the world's championship this year — is another player of the same type. From time to time he makes the most brilliant strokes, but only in an emergency. In general he relies upon his opponent to win the game for him. For this attitude there may be much to be said, but certainly it is not sport as Englishmen have hitherto understood that word.

To be sure of beating the foreigners we must certainly adopt their methods. We must train like a boat-race crew, and then play for safety. But is it worth while? What *is* sport? Consider the present agitation for a fight to a finish in Test Matches. If county matches can usually be finished in three days, why cannot Test Matches?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Everybody knows the answer. It is this playing for safety — turning the game into a business. County matches are for the most part sporting fixtures; Test Matches have become games in which gate money is the first consideration and individual success the second. Why should Hobbs's play be so different when his score is 70 from when it is 90? Naturally, and quite rightly, he wants his century, but that is not an adequate excuse for his having abandoned his forcing strokes and taken an hour last Saturday to make twelve runs. (If only we were to adopt a duodecimal notation the century bogey might become much less harmful — so conventional is its foundation.) The stonewalling of the Australian captain in the second innings was even more indefensible; for it was obviously a moment to hit and make a game of the match.

The 'play to a finish' school are demanding something which we hope they will never get. They are asking for four- or five- or six-day matches, which would not only utterly derange the infinitely more important county programmes, but which would lead to a new style of cricket of the dullest and most unsporting character. If the demand were granted, it would become the positive duty of every Test Match batsman to play for safety and to hit nothing but the very loosest of balls. Than that such a spirit should be introduced into English cricket we would rather see the Test Matches abandoned altogether. The present problem is how to win in three days.

These considerations apply to every form of athletics. If professionalism in its real meaning cannot be eliminated, then let us forswear international contests. We invented all these games, and it is our business to see that they remain games and not mere contests for that hardly more than mathematical superiority which seems to be the aim of most modern international tournaments. In the Olympic Games nowadays we cut as a rule a fairly poor figure; and when they are over, some patriot peer writes to the *Times* to point out that unless the public will subscribe a hundred thousand pounds or so to provide for the proper maintenance and training of British athletes we are likely to cut as poor a figure next time. Well, why not? What does it matter? What *is* sport? If there is money available for sporting purposes, might it not be better spent on the maintenance of village cricket grounds and the provision of more facilities for outdoor games in our industrial cities? Does it matter whether we win or not in international contests? For our part we have no doubt at all as to the proper answer to that question. It is infinitely more important that we should maintain the spirit of national sport than that we should endeavor to compete for preëminence in those professionalized arenas where the latest international champions meet and fight for money or fame. We have a special responsibility in this matter, because Great Britain is the home of all these games. If we cannot keep them as games, then let us withdraw from international contests altogether. Otherwise they seem likely to fall to the spectacular level of a Carpentier-Dempsey prize fight. Keenness is good always and in everything; but efficiency, in its modern and foreign application to games, is nothing less than the death knell of sport.

WHY AMERICANS EXCEL AT GOLF

THE first answer I feel inclined to give to the question set me is that the Americans can generally beat us at any game if they put their minds to it. But this does not get us much further, and so I find myself involved in a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whole series of questions, something in the style of Mr. Chadband. But why can they beat us, my friends? I go on, 'let us in a spirit of love inquire.' Because they take more trouble. And why do they take more trouble? To that I am inclined to answer, because they are not ashamed to do so.

The Briton is as keen as need be to win, but he is afraid of seeming to try too hard to win. He thinks that he may be considered unsportsmanlike. And so, before he goes out to wrestle with some recalcitrant club or learn some new stroke, he looks anxiously round to see that there is no lurking and derisive observer in the gorse bushes. The American is entirely free from this kind of false shame. He never pretends not to be keen. He practises assiduously and in public, sending his caddie out into the long field and hitting ball after ball to him. He is not afraid of asking advice as to how to strengthen any particular weakness. And I confess that his frame of mind seems to me the more reasonable of the two. He is said to take his games too seriously, but that is hardly fair. The words imply that he is a dour, gloomy, unpleasant adversary, but nothing could be further from the truth. In fact his golfing manners might be a model for anyone. He is, on the whole, a more cheerful player than the Briton. Certainly he has the gift of ferocious concentration when he is actually hitting the ball, but he seems to possess a natural gift, which he has cultivated for all it is worth, of letting up between the strokes. He will make a small joke to his friend who is looking on, and then back to business again. If he treats a game as work — and perhaps he may — he does what every intelligent man does and gets a great deal of pleasure out of his work.

I have said that the American takes more trouble. That is not quite the stock British way of expressing it. What we are disposed to say is that he specializes more. This again is not quite fair, nor is it, I think, quite honest. It implies that all our best golfers are constantly playing and playing well all sorts of other games, whereas the Americans give themselves up wholly to golf. Of this year's American Walker Cup team Mr. Sweetser, I believe, ran the quarter for Yale; Mr. Gardner at one time held the pole-jumping record of the world; he still holds the university record, and has been, if he is not still, one of the best racket players in America. I am not aware that our team can do better than that. They may be wonderful all-round athletes, but if so but little of their fame has reached me — unless, indeed, it be the fame of my friend Mr. Cyril Tolley at lawn tennis. And Mr. Tolley has so commanding a personality that if he were to play a casual game of tiddlywinks eager little reporters would telephone the fact to the evening papers. We really are rather humbugs in this matter of specialization.

This much, I think, is true, that the American golfer begins his specialization at a tenderer age than ours does. We begin our golf as boys, but we are not educated in it. I imagine that the American boy plays other games besides golf just as we do, but his father takes care that he should have some coaching in golf. Thus he is taught at the most important time, when (and I come back to Mr. Chadband) he is 'capable of receiving the lessons of wisdom,' because he is 'not a stick, or a staff, or a stock, or a stone, or a post, or a pillar,' but a 'soaring human boy,' flexible and imitative as a monkey. As a result he acquires a method that will stand by him in evil times as well as in good. Somebody, who has done not a little toward undermining his country's golf, once coined the famous phrase

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which describes putting as an inspiration. To-day many of our golfers are largely dependent on inspiration not only for their putting but for the whole of their game, whereas exactly the opposite is true of the Americans.

It has been noticeable during the last few years that a distinctively American style has arisen. A competent observer could generally tell an American golfer at several hundred yards' range. The feet close together, the waggle ruthlessly shorn of all its ancient, florid beauty, the leisurely back swing with the very free turn of the body — these are some of the component features of a characteristic and unmistakable whole. I do not want to be too technical; I will not discuss the abstruse question whether that lithe body movement is the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace of beginning the swing with the hips as preached by Mr. H. D. Gillies. I will, however, point out the simpler fact that these young Americans practise the good old-fashioned copy-book golfing virtues. They go slow back, they follow through, and above all they make of the golfing shot a swing rather than a hit. The best of them all, the best maker of golfing strokes in the world to-day, Mr. Bobby Jones, is essentially a swinger with all his clubs. At this moment I have no doubt that there are many golfers in many back gardens trying to cultivate the perfectly rhythmical movement of our new Open Champion and wondering in trembling hope whether they have found out something of his secret. It will almost certainly elude them, for Mr. Jones is a genius who only arises once in a game-playing generation, but it will do them good to try. *Fas est*, and so forth; we have certainly something to learn from the golfers of America.

IS LIFE IMMORTAL?[1]

BY ÉTIENNE FOURNOL

One can hardly accuse scientists of guarding their secrets jealously in their laboratories, and we have no excuse for being ignorant of anything. Thousands of editors are continually vying with each other in printing series of books from which science flows out of a thousand different wells. They urge the experts to write about their work for the mob, addressing most frequently the man at the top of his profession, so that it is really up to us to find out about all sorts of discoveries, large or small, from the people who have made them.

It is by no means sure that it is a wise condition of affairs for one to know a great deal in order to teach a little. A distributive justice ought to be established to a certain extent, and show no desire to saddle the august mission of science with the mere business of popularizing. But on the other hand, scientists often lack the grace of communi-

[1] From the *Figaro Hebdomadaire* (Paris weekly supplement), *June* 9

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cating with laymen. They are out of touch.

Others preserve this contact. One of the researchers at the Institut Pasteur has just published a book on *Immortality and Renovation in Modern Biology*, in which he sets forth in a clear and orderly style one of the most curious and ridiculed subjects that have to do with the science of life. The orderliness and clearness of this book are all the more remarkable because the author is a Russian. I believe that the qualities that he possesses are usually attributed by tradition to the French spirit.

Mr. Metalnikov believes in immortality. He is acquainted with immortal beings. They are the infusories. Like other adherents of his school, he asserts that single-cell animals never die. In the first place, it is well to remember that the immortality of single-cell creatures is disputed. Maupas, one of the leading experts in this field, not only denies it, but has concluded, after numerous experiments, that single-cell animals cannot possibly be considered immortal creatures. Maupas, whose work has acquired great renown since his death, was at one time a librarian in Algiers.

It seems that the type of misunderstood expert, which flourishes in all branches of science, recurs particularly frequently in natural science. Lamarck, whose evolutionary theories have to-day attracted perhaps an even more numerous school than those of Darwin, was hardly understood when he published his *Zoölogical Philosophy* in 1809. A Moravian monk, Mendel, showed for the first time the reproductive laws of plants, and his discoveries were not accepted until a long time after their publication.

At this very moment floods of ink are being consumed in discussing whether the admirable naturalist, J. H. Fabre, is a real expert *dignus entrare* into natural science. Contributions from unorthodox students are most important.

But even in our time, after these recent experiences, the immortality of protozoans is still contested by highly qualified experts. Professor Henneguy, who was always a great adversary of Weismann's theories, closed his recently published little volume on cell life as follows: 'The corpse is a contingent, but not a necessary, proof of death. No cell exists, and no immortal being.'

What is certain is the incredible amount of vital energy that one of these little cells possesses. It reproduces itself with dizzying speed, without growing tired, and consequently without growing old. Mr. Metalnikov has made some calculations on this score. If you let infusories reproduce without any hindrance, then 'in four months the volume of living matter evolved from one microscopic infusory will be larger than the entire world.' O fortunate accidental death that preserves us from infusories! The cell possesses the capacity of accumulating an unlimited amount of animated matter; perhaps it is immortal, but certainly it is inexhaustible.

If we accept this hypothesis, we are soon confronted by a great enigma. If the ladder of evolution begins with immortal beings, we immediately ask: 'When and how does death appear?' By following the development of life in this fashion, we can say that death appears with more complicated organisms, or, as the scholars say, with differentiation. A complicated organism that develops away from the simplicity of the primitive cell is incapable of self-reproduction. It cannot re-form itself by continual assimilation of living matter as the protozoan does. Low organisms reproduce in direct proportion to their simplicity. There is mythological support of this fact in the hydra whose

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heads grew out faster than Hercules could cut them off. One can duplicate, without any danger, the exploit of the son of Jupiter and Alcmene. Take the little fresh-water reptile known as the hydra, cut it up into as many pieces as you please, and it will always re-form itself. The higher kinds of worm that you often come across do this with more difficulty. When we reach the crayfish, it can only restore legs and claws, not head or tail. As for ourselves, infirm superior creatures that we are, we can only restore our skin, nails, and hair.

For all the differentiation that has made superior life possible, we pay the price of death, says a certain biologist. The first of these differentiations is the one that has divided us into males and females. It has often been suspected that love has introduced death into animal life, and it is, indeed, a magnificent literary point of view. Among plants many die immediately after the seeds are formed. In the lower orders of nature, the male element is adventitious, secondary, and sacrificed. We see traces of this in phenomena of reproduction without fertilization, in which the humble rôle of the male of certain insects and fishes is merely parasitical; it lives incrusted on the body of the female, so that one really wonders what function it is fulfilling. We know well enough the terrible lesson taught us poor males from the study of the customs of the bees, chaste drinkers of dew.

Thus superior organisms become groups of highly differentiated cells. We now distinguish among them the sexual cells, which have preserved an indirect privilege of immortality, since they are only a part of the stream of life which flows through all individuals. The mere bodily cells are condemned to degeneration and death. Hence, in the succession of life, nature has transferred immortality, or let us better say the faculty of duration, from individuals to the species. We must think of a kind of genius of the species which always renews itself. Will it be that this old notion of the species, condemned by the science of yesterday, will be resuscitated by the science of to-day?

It is a well-known fact that numerous scholars, attempting to apply this theory, have dreamed of extending the limits of human life and of flying in the face of one of the natural laws — a law that has set a fixed limit on individual life. Metchnikoff, whom Pasteur summoned from his laboratory in Odessa, found what was the matter. It was the intestine. To lengthen human life, it was only necessary to convert the wild intestinal growth into a cultivated flower. The objection was that birds, whose intestines had been cut out, did not live very long.

The work of Alexis Carrel is of a more generous nature. He is the admirable type of scholar who makes a profound impression on all who meet him. During the war, when he came out of his laboratory in America, his investigations proved that organic cells can live outside of the organism for a long time after its death.

Finally, there is the discovery that glands that were thought to be almost atrophied secrete hormones, that substance which flows through the cells of all organisms. This invigorating substance was discovered by Steinach in experiments at Vienna and by Voronov at Paris. We are promised a prolongation of human life as long as there are monkeys enough to go round.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

British Labor and the Church

SINCE the termination of the general strike, in which the Archbishop of Canterbury played such a distinguished part, lesser dignitaries of the Church of England seem to have been doing their best to destroy the prestige they gained during the crisis. Dr. Barnes, Bishop of Birmingham, has lately issued two statements concerning the part that organized religion should play in modern life. In the *Church of England Newspaper* he produces this Babbittism: 'The Christian attitude, as I see it, is that of a business man whose firm is remarkable for its freedom from industrial trouble.' He goes on to tell of an employer who let his men go on strike with the understanding that they could return to work whenever they saw fit. Although the Bishop admits that this policy cost the firm money he concludes that 'such generosity pays, because in it there is the Christian temper.' This tolerant man of God freely admits that trade-unions are necessary in modern industry, but feels that 'we must seek to improve our social system by the spread of mutual sympathy between all classes.' How the miner is to be made to sympathize with his rich employer is left to our imagination. Possibly movies showing wealthy people with stomach trouble and unfaithful wives might help.

The Reverend G. A. Studdert Kennedy is more outspoken. 'I hate warming my hands at a fire the coal for which has been grubbed out of the ground by men who are unable to live in proper dignity.' He assures us that 'fighting is easier than thinking, you know,' but beyond his hearty appeals to all classes to get up and work he has little enough to offer in the way of specific improvements.

Soon after he had made the vital contributions to economic reform that we have summarized above, Bishop Barnes also took it upon himself to deal with the orthodoxy of the future. Here again he did not dodge the challenge of modern industrialism. 'Machines,' he has discovered, 'have lessened human drudgery and given the opportunity for leisure and reflection.' In this sanitary world of leisurely reflection a new religious spirit is going to purify those remote unclean cavities of the soul which have held out even against the scrubbing of prophylactic toothbrushes. Inexplicably, the Bishop complains that 'the churches are criticized because so much is expected of them.' Compared to some other periods in human history, our own would seem to lean too seldom on the arm of the cleric. Possibly Bishop Barnes is trying to remedy this sorry state of affairs by giving a great deal of advice on a great many subjects. It will be interesting to see what fruit his labors bear.

The Bear's Day in Court

LEGAL precedents in Switzerland went by the board recently when two bears from the famous pit in Berne were allowed to appear in court as witnesses. It was as trying an experience for the animals as it was for the court, but under the circumstances they did the only thing honorable bears could do. It seems that one of the under keepers had accused the head keeper of cruelty

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to his dumb charges. The unfortunate defendant was at his wit's end — how could his faithful bruins be made to testify their affection for him and register their disapproval of his insubordinate subordinate? Could he, in all justice to the finer feelings as well as to the safety of his bear friends, bring them into the corroding atmosphere of a criminal law court? Bears are renowned for their keen moral sense, to be sure, but they are highly impressionable beasts and might come into contact with some depraved character who would pollute their lives lastingly. Furthermore, the actual safety of the bears was at stake, for recently the friendly fellows had killed a rash little boy who had fallen into their pit, and had clawed another within an inch of his life. The outraged families of the victims might take the law into their own hands, Kentucky fashion, and lynch the murderers out of pure family pride.

But the keeper's job was at stake, and after long consultation the bears selected two of their wisest and oldest representatives to testify in his behalf. When the time came for the defense to produce his witnesses, the two bears swaggered into court, arm in arm, while the lawyer launched into a brilliant eulogy of their habits, intelligence, and honesty. Wiping away his tears, the judge summoned the two mute witnesses to the stand, where several keepers in succession confronted them. The bears surveyed them in dignified and sympathetic silence until the keeper who had lodged the complaint of cruelty was produced. As soon as they recognized this miscreant, they made faces, growled discreetly, and finally so far forgot themselves as to lurch forward and attempt to give their false defender a savage cuff. Needless to say, the argument was clinching, and a happy trio — two bears and the head keeper — filed out of court with a new light in their eyes.

Fakirs Unmasked

NEARLY every movie patron and vaudeville addict has at one time or another been regaled by the spectacle of a swarthy, turbaned Levantine having hatpins stuck into his dark meat or falling peacefully asleep on beds of sharp nails. Some of these stoics are in the habit of presenting European testimonials to prove that even cultivated people have been impressed by their act. It remains to be seen how much the activities of M. Paul Heuzé, a French man of letters, will affect their trade.

In 1922 M. Heuzé put a group of mediums to rout, and he is now conducting an exposé of the professional fakir. He gathered together a group of scientists, illusionists, and experts in witchcraft, before whom he agreed to duplicate any genuine feat performed by Eastern fakirs. Thus they eliminated as trickery everything except the hatpin stunt and the thumb-tack mattress.

With legs and torso bare and a turban around his brow, Mr. Heuzé lay down for several minutes on a board with sharply pointed nails four inches long arranged in two-inch squares. When he got up, his back showed light depressions, nothing more. A doctor then took three long hatpins and stuck one through the flesh of his throat above the Adam's apple and the other two through either cheek. The victim kept them in for fifteen minutes and allowed himself to be photographed. When the pins were pulled out, only one of the orifices gave forth any blood. The lesson of this little experiment is that our vaudeville friends do not have to throw themselves into a cataleptic fit or submit their bodies to any peculiar

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kind of mental discipline at every performance. The pain is by no means insupportable, and could never elicit the howls that the prospect of honest work would arouse from the gullet of any son of the desert who had been getting several hundred a week on the Keith circuit.

The Haunted Death Car

ACCORDING to one of the *Westminster Gazette's* Belgrade correspondents, the motor car in which Archduke Francis Ferdinand was assassinated is still being used in Serbia, to the great distress of the superstitious natives. No self-respecting peasant dares ride in it because of the amazing stream of accidents and fatalities to which it has been subject. After the war the machine fell into the possession of a Dr. Srskic, whose name probably sounded so much like the noise of the engine that he disposed of it to a wealthy Bosnian. He was also annoyed by certain mechanical as well as acoustical difficulties.

The new purchaser had an even harder time. On one occasion the vehicle stopped without any apparent cause and had to be towed. No sooner were horses attached than the machine leaped forward, the motor starting without being touched. The horses broke loose and the automobile overturned, killing the owner. Subsequent victims have had experiences nearly as fatal. A certain Mr. Ragibakvara has lately tried to use the car in local transport service, but is unable to get any passengers. Devout natives make the sign of the cross whenever the jinxed machine passes them.

It is a shame to spoil such a good story, but the author of these lines was recently in Vienna, where he saw the car in which the Archduke was killed displayed in the Arsenal, together with Ferdinand's blood-spattered uniform. He is forced to conclude, therefore, that the jinx tale is either rather old — for the car has been in Vienna for some years — or that he was done out of one perfectly good Austrian shilling. But it was worth the price.

Mr. Salteena Prefers Blondes

REFERENCE has already been made to the comparisons drawn in the English press between Daisy Ashford's *Young Visiters* and Anita Loos's *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. It remained, however, for the *Saturday Review* to offer a prize for the best account of a meeting between Mr. Salteena and the bewitching Lorelei. The following account 'retaining the best features of each' was pronounced the winner: —

'This is a tricky establishment come what may said Mr. Salteena feeling about for his bedroom not being much up to the lift after a late reparst.

'Suddenly a blast of merry laughter pearced his ears and a door was thrown outwards by a young girl of 18 looking quite the thing in a diamond braicelett and long earrings. She gave him a bekkoning glance and he swayed into the room. I fear I have mislaid my apartment he confided dying a deep red as he noticed her superior tone. Not at all she responded curtiusly because I mean it is a thing anybody does at times.

'It looked a tasty bedroom with some rich wines on the table and another young girl imbibing the same. Their names were Loryly and Dorothy.

'I mean Dorothy said Loryly it seems like we wasted a lot of time in the porch this evening because I mean there was this gentleman that might have been protecting we girls and now it seems it is too late to go shopping.

'But first I must tell you said Mr. Salteena in sweltering tones that I am only a gentleman in parts as they say.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Well I mean some things are good to have after all said Loryly admiring the ruby studs Mr. Salteena had bort at a sale so he was very glad to know they were the right idear. But Dorothy said if you get buttons like that out of a sale in England what do they do for their lucky dips which made Loryly quite depressed. I mean my girl frend really does not seem to mind about pollish. You supprise me said Mr. Salteena laughing agreeably down his nose.

'Well how about having a party said Dorothy. By all means chimed Mr. Salteena settling down to it and saying a few witty rymes for a start.

'There were countless glasses and whisky as well as some lushus champaigne and sweets with wine in and Mr. Salteena felt very sparkly inside long before it was time to flit.

'So now Alf said Loryly pulling up the blinds it seems we ought to get some rest and so if we do not seem to meet some gentleman to-day we will go shopping before lunch. Ten thousand thanks cried Mr. Salteena warbling a merry stave as he wended his way.'

All about Snakes

THE alleged tempter of Eve still exercises a strange fascination over her unfortunate descendants. Unquestionably there is 'something about snakes' that makes us read about them with particular relish.

Our dislike and suspicion of snakes is perhaps due to their fixed stare, which, though it suggests hypnotic powers, is actually due to their lack of eyelids. Snakes cannot hypnotize animals, though they are able to kill a hundred thousand human beings every year. The benevolent British Government, solicitous of the welfare of its Indian subjects, once offered handsome rewards for the heads of poisonous snakes. The natives, ever on the alert, promptly started cobra farms, and reaped such large gains that the bonus scheme had to be abandoned. Since some snakes bring forth sixty young, this was quite a profitable trade while it lasted.

The food of snakes varies. There is a toothless egg-eating snake in South Africa which breaks its meal on projections from the backbone. Others, including the cobra, are cannibalistic. But snakes are curiously insensitive to what they eat. One of the pythons in the London Zoo devoured its blanket. Another tried to make away with a bamboo pole. Their great difficulty is that, once they have started in on something, it is physically impossible for them to stop, on account of their teeth, which bend in like a rat trap. Frequently, when two snakes get hold of the same meal, one of them has to become a sort of dessert or 'chaser,' because neither is able to let go. If the keeper arrives in time, he can extract the victim, usually unscathed.

Some snakes, however, are very fastidious about their food in captivity. There was one in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris who disdained chicken and duck but would gobble up a goose with relish. Others are remarkably abstemious. The fasting record is held by a boa who went without meals for four years and a month.

It is not very reassuring to be told that snakes have occasionally made escapes and have remained at large for a long time. Once a seven-foot python disappeared from the London Zoo and was not discovered for three months, when a visitor saw him twined around a piece of sculpture. At first the creature looked like part of the decoration, but when it uncoiled and descended the hue and cry was raised.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ABROAD

British India from Queen Elizabeth to Lord Reading, by an Indian Mohammedan. London: Pitman, 1926. 32*s.*

[*Observer*]

ONE of the most attractive of the many elements which go to make up the life of cultured India is that supplied by Mohammedan gentlemen of what is sometimes termed 'the old school,' the inheritors of a natural dignity and an innate politeness, usually informed by shrewd judgment. To that class, it is evident, the writer of this historical survey belongs.

His full recognition of the benefits his country has derived from the British connection is consistent with his restrained and fair presentation of the Indian Moslem point of view in matters of particular Mohammedan interest. He is warm in his praise of the late Mr. Montagu as a good and staunch friend of the Indian Moslems in their support of the Turkish demand for better terms of settlement than the Treaty of Sèvres gave them. He holds that the revision effected at Lausanne had indirect consequences as beneficial as those which were direct, but somewhat anticipates the actual course of events in his statement that in India 'Moslem opinion resumed its natural calm.' In the chapter on the operations of 1878–80 (incorrectly headed 'The Last Afghan War'), he offers the reasonable criticism that if in the future another invasion of Afghanistan has to be considered it should not be undertaken without a full and inflexible decision beforehand as to the policy to be realized, and a firm intention to carry the policy out, whatever the cost and effort entailed. Unfortunately such rigidity of purpose cannot always be pursued in the hazards of war, and when (as in 1880) a democratic electorate has the ultimate word.

It is the balanced outlook of the author which gives this work its value, for there is no evidence of original research. He has been content to compile his record from previous histories and present-day documents and speeches, and, for the most part, to accept the judgment of earlier, and mostly British, historians. He has provided, however, an ample background of sober authentic statement for some general conclusions of real insight. The question of the position of Indians in South Africa and other overseas portions of the Empire, he points out, must be largely affected by the conduct of Indians in their own country, and by their attitude toward the British connections: —

'They cannot traffic with the enemies of the Empire and at the same time claim the rights of Imperial citizens. They must take up their position as loyal subjects of the King-Emperor with all the others if they are to remain within the portals of the Empire on an equal status. It is for them to decide their course, to stand by it, and to reject all the insidious teaching of the emissaries of Red Russia, which can only lead to their loss and probable ruin.'

This extract is typical both of the style of the author and of his spirit of goodwill in drawing deductions from his compilation of Indo-British history. He does not overlook the fact that coöperation calls for the effort of both parties, and that, on the British side, 'the becoming qualities are toleration and consideration,' while it is for Indians 'to be appreciative and to manifest the desire to be conciliated.' The generous outlook of this Indian Mohammedan calls for reciprocation.

The Dialect of the Gypsies of Wales, by John Sampson. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1926. 84*s.*

[*Manchester Guardian*]

THIS does not pretend to be a review of Mr. Sampson's stupendous undertaking. Perhaps there are a dozen men in Europe who could write a critical notice of it, and in due course the gypsy-lore journals of the world will print the reasoned tributes of the experts. But the rest of us, who lack all technical equipment, are not to be deprived of our share in the delights which Mr. Sampson conjures from his philological researches. His volume is a grammatical treatise, scientifically ordered under such forbidding rubrics as phonology, syntax, and lexicography; yet every single line of it fires the imagination to fill up the past with scenes in which history and romance are one and indivisible.

Romani, the gypsy tongue, is an Indian language. Under the influence of the national idioms of the hundred countries traversed by the gypsies it has split into innumerable dialects, which are gradually losing their primitive characteristics and declining into mere colloquial jargon. In 1894 Mr. Sampson discovered that the Welsh gypsies had miraculously preserved a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

purer tradition of their original speech. He set to work to record it before it disappeared, filling notebook after notebook with the phrases he heard through many years of intimacy with the tribe. He has now submitted these gatherings from his field work to laboratory processes, analyzing, grouping, and comparing his collection with similar yields from the gypsy dialects of every corner of Europe and Asia.

All Romani speech shadows forth the gypsies' epic story, but in Welsh Romani the lines of it stand out with least confusion. Welsh Romani descends directly from Indian as spoken in the ninth century. A Welsh gypsy calls a lord and lady by the titles 'raj' and 'rani,' which they still retain in India. His word for 'snow' is one embedded in the first syllable of 'Himalayas,' the snow mountains of his ancestors. All the rudimentary actions indispensable to mere living, and all the primitive conditions of existence, he speaks of by names which he has brought with him down the ages from his Indian home. From the tenth century onward his language has incorporated loans from the lands through which his destiny has led him, and the borrowings mark stages in his spiritual and material growth. In Persia he first saw the sea, and named it by its Persian name. Asia Minor and Eastern Europe endowed him with things and experiences which henceforth he would always know by the sounds describing them in those districts—Byzantine Greek or Modern, Serbian or Bulgarian Slavonic. He had a word for 'pot' before he left India, but 'kettles' he met with first in Asia Minor. There too he felt the need for additional clothing, and most of his outer garments have kept their Greek names. Stockings, and the word for them, he took from the Serbians; Bulgars introduced him to a 'gun'; and among these Slavonic peoples he appears to have had his first experience of 'taverns,' as well as of darker things like 'chains' and 'magistrates.' His word for 'soap' is at least one chapter in the history of hygiene; he had it from the Greeks, on to whom Italian traders had recently palmed it, but for a real good wash he had to wait until he learned of English 'suds.'

Perhaps no entry in Mr. Sampson's volume better illustrates the fascination of his matter than the word 'trusul.' A gypsy uses it in warning his fellows to leave no 'trace' by which the police may detect them in wrong doings, but he knows not how heavily laden this word is with garnerings from his remotest history. Nowadays denoting a detecting track, it used to mean the T-shaped cross indented rudely on the mud to indicate to stragglers by which route their leader had moved on. Earlier still it was the name by which the crucifix was known. But furthest back of all, before they met the worship of the Cross in Armenia, the gypsies had known the word in its primary sense, 'the trident' of the Indian god Siva. It would be hard to find a parallel to such a vast deterioration in meaning. It is because Mr. Sampson the grammarian has scores of entries as thrilling as 'trusul' that he gives one far more joy than do all the pages of George Borrow.

La Psychologie de la conversion chez les peuples non-civilisés, by Raoul Allier. 2 vols. Paris: Payot, 1926.

[*Semaine Littéraire*]

A PRODIGIOUS wealth of documentation, a method used with scrupulous severity, the breadth and elevation of views required by such a subject, a rare analytical power and a comparable skill in synthesis, an excellent style that borrows no more than is absolutely necessary from the vocabularies of the special sciences, coöperate to make these two great volumes, which contain not a single superfluous sentence, one of those works that do honor not only to their authors but also to the countries and even to the religious sects to which their authors belong. [M. Allier is Dean of the Faculty of Protestant Theology at Paris.]

We are prepared to defend our judgment that M. Allier's work is as original and as important to the advancement of religious psychology as was the famous work of William James in its time. And in addition to this, since he has been led by the very development of his inquiry to make investigations in the fields of primitive psychology, of psychiatry, and — of colonial politics, M. Allier has succeeded in making valuable contributions to the theories of M. Lévy-Bruhl, on the one hand, and of Freud, on the other, and in suggesting equally important corrections of those theories. In doing so he has thrown a searching light on a problem of great theoretical interest as well as of immense practical importance to the future of the white race — the problem of assimilating uncivilized peoples.

BOOKS MENTIONED

HEARN, LAFCADIO. *Some New Letters and Writings of Lafcadio Hearn.* Collected and edited by Sanki Ichikawa, Professor of English in Tokyo Imperial University. Toyko: The Kenkyusha, 1926. 3.50 yen.

METALNIKOV, S. *Immortalité et Rajeunissement dans la Biologie Moderne.* Paris: Flammarion, 1926.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

The Decline of the West. Volume I: Form and Actuality, by Oswald Spengler. Authorized translation, with notes, by Charles Francis Atkinson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1926. $6.00.

HERR Spengler is a Platonist — the idea comes first, the proof afterward. In 1911 he was mysteriously visited by the theory that human history is an unconnected series of cultural episodes, each developing for approximately a thousand years in accordance with certain fixed laws. For instance, after some seven or eight hundred years, culture dies and is succeeded by material civilization. His fifty-page introduction states this theme completely. Here he shows the futility of dividing history into ancient, mediæval, and modern. He asserts that each culture is an entity, our own being simply one of many. The task of the modern historian, with his feeling for the past that is one of the unique earmarks of our time, should be to find our present state of development and by analogy prognosticate the future. From the charts at the end of the volume, one gathers that we have nearly reached the end of our rope.

By way of proof, we are inundated with a mass of somewhat unconnected information about Classical, Arabian, and Western European cultures. Mention is also made of India, Egypt, and China, and what we know of them is fitted into the general plan. The book starts out in orderly fashion, explaining the difference between modern and classical mankind in the terms of their mathematics. To us space is infinite; to the Greek and Roman it was finite. In moving on to his discussions of history and nature, destiny and causality, the theme is further elaborated with historical references. Western man not only yearns for infinity; he is also deeply concerned with the individual. This is borne out by characteristic ideas of fate, tragedy, and time entertained by men of different cultures.

After this comes a symbolistic excursion. The significance of the different expressions — linguistic, architectural, literary, and the like — of different cultures are repetitiously and effectively expounded. At length we are introduced to the Apollinian (Classical), Magian (Arabic), and Faustian (West-European) souls in greater detail than ever. The temple, the mosque, and the cathedral, Euclidean geometry, alchemy, and the differential calculus, are a few of the more important typical symbols.

Art is the next witness on the stand, then religion, and finally science, or nature knowledge. The same lessons are read from the same kind of symbolism, with a stupefying mixture of shrewdness and banality.

To pass judgment on Herr Spengler would require more knowledge and more space than most of us have at our disposal. But the following declaration of the author tempts one, on top of everything else, to pronounce this volume one of the few great books of our time: 'I can only hope that the men of the new generation may be moved by this book to devote themselves to technics instead of lyrics, the sea instead of the paintbrush, and politics instead of epistemology. Better they could not do.'

The Village in the Jungle, by Leonard Woolf. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1926. $2.50.

IN his years spent in government service in Ceylon, Mr. Woolf evidently made a close and intelligent study of the natives. The reader, knowing nothing about the country, is as convinced by this novel as he was by *Passage to India*. Against the primitive jungle setting, we are shown the lives of the beautiful twin daughters of a ne'er-do-well. One of the girls marries; the other is wooed unsuccessfully, but her disheartened swain lays a curse on the father, so the entire family has to make a religious pilgrimage in the hope of curing the old man. When they return, more difficulties beset them, but even in the tragic debacle the jungle surroundings, cruel as they are, seem to justify themselves by their very relentlessness. Mr. Woolf does not make the naïve mistake of emphasizing the faint personalities of his characters — among such primitive folk the drama lies almost entirely in situation. He does, however, sympathize with and understand the native psychology, and he has succeeded brilliantly in capturing something quite new and startling in the way of local color.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

PERMANENTLY ENDOWED BY MARY LOUISE CURTIS BOK

WHERE FEES OF TUITION ARE MADE
SECONDARY TO MERIT OF STUDENTS

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS PUBLICATIONS

Published by *LITTLE, BROWN & CO.*, Boston, Massachusetts

New England in the Republic
(1776–1850)

By James Truslow Adams

BEGINNING with the significant year 1776, the author continues his historical survey of New England which began with "The Founding of New England" (awarded the Pulitzer Prize for the best history of 1921) and "Revolutionary New England: 1691–1776," and ably demonstrates the changes and influences which determined New England's growth away from provincialism and towards a more active unification with those less hide-bound states which made up the nation.

The Boston Transcript says:

"This much is certain: a sane cold estimate, a true balance, will never be struck on the historical deserts of New England without taking into account the deep researches, vigorous opinions and excellent writing of James Truslow Adams."

Illustrated with reproductions of old prints and engravings
438 pages. 8vo. $5.00

Asia: A Short History

By Herbert H. Gowen

DR. GOWEN, Professor of Oriental Languages and Literature at the University of Washington, is less interested in the exotic story of Asia for its own sake than he is in enabling the people of contemporary America to understand the peoples of Asia through their social and political backgrounds. To compress into a single volume the vast and intricate life story of a continent is seemingly an almost impossible task, but it has been ably accomplished.

436 pages. With illustrations and maps.
8vo. Cloth. $3.50

MESSER MARCO POLO
IS DENIED ENTRANCE TO THE CA' POLO

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOKSHOP · 8 Arlington Street · BOSTON

Gentlemen: Enclosed find.....and send..... to

Name.....*Address*.....

Please add 10 cents each volume for postage

L.A.8-14-26

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED